

No. 32.

THE "MAGNET" HAND BOOKS.

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THE  
Language of Poetry

of FLOWERS

With the Art



ILLUSTRATION

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T H E

# Language and Poetry

O F



WITH THE

## ART OF FLIRTATION.

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# THE ART OF FLIRTING.

## HANDKERCHIEF FLIRTATIONS.

Drawing across the lips.....	Desiring a flirtation.
Twisting in the left hand.....	I wish to be rid of you.
Winding it around the third finger.....	I am married.
Winding it around the fore finger.....	I am engaged.
Placing it on the right ear.....	How you have changed.
Taking it by the center.....	You are most too willing.
Drawing across the forehead.....	Look, we are watched.
Putting it in the pocket.....	No more love at present.
Letting it remain on the eyes.....	You are so cruel.
Opposite corners in both hands.....	Do wait for me.
Twisting it in the right hand.....	I love another.
Drawing it through the hands.....	I hate you.
Letting it rest on the right cheek.....	Yes.
Letting it rest on the left cheek.....	No.
Twirling in both hands.....	Indifference.
Drawing across the eyes.....	I am sorry.
Drawing across the cheek.....	I love you.
Folding it.....	I wish to speak with you.
Dropping.....	We will be friends.
Over the shoulder.....	Follow me.

## GLOVE FLIRTATIONS.

Holding with tips downward.....	I wish to be acquainted.
Twirling around the fingers.....	Be careful, we are watched.
Right hand with the naked thumb exposed.....	Kiss me.
Left hand with naked thumb exposed.....	Do you love me.
Using them as a fan.....	Introduce me to your company.
Smoothing them out gently.....	I wish I were with you.
Holding them loose in the left hand.....	I am satisfied.
Holding them loose in the right hand.....	Be contented.
Biting the tips.....	I wish to be rid of you very soon.
Folding up carefully.....	Get rid of your company.
Striking them over the hand.....	I am displeased.
Drawing half way on left hand.....	Indifference.
Clenching them (rolled up) in right hand.....	No.
Striking them over the shoulder.....	Follow me.

## THE ART OF FLIRTING.

Tossing them up gently.....	I am engaged.
Turning them inside out.....	I hate you.
Dropping both of them.....	I love you.
Tapping the chin.....	I love another.
Putting them away.....	I'm vexed.
Dropping one of them.....	Yes.

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## FAN FLIRTATIONS.

Carrying in right hand in front of face.....	Follow me.
Carrying in left hand.....	Desirous of an acquaintance.
Placing it on the right ear.....	You have changed.
Twirling it in left hand.....	I wish to get rid of you.
Drawing across forehead.....	We are watched.
Carrying in right hand.....	You are too willing.
Drawing through the hand.....	I hate you.
Twirling in right hand.....	I love another.
Drawing across the cheek.....	I love you.
Closing it.....	I wish to speak to you.
Drawing across the eye.....	I am sorry.
Letting it rest on right cheek.....	Yes.
Letting it rest on left cheek.....	No.
Open and shut.....	You are cruel.
Dropping.....	We will be friends.
Fanning slow.....	I am married.
Fanning fast.....	I am engaged.
With handle to lips.....	Kiss me.
Shut.....	You have changed.
Open wide.....	Wait for me.

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## PARASOL FLIRTATIONS.

Carrying elevated in left hand.....	Desiring acquaintance.
Carrying elevated in right hand.....	You are too willing.
Carrying closed in left hand.....	Meet on the first crossing.
Carrying closed in right hand, by your side.	Follow me.
Swinging to and fro by the handle on left side.	Engaged.
Swinging to and fro by the handle on right side.	Married.
Striking it on the hand.....	I am very much displeased.
Tapping the chin gently.....	I am in love with another.
Using it as a fan.....	Introduce me to your company.
Twirling it around.....	Be careful! we are watched.
Carrying over right shoulder.....	You can speak to me.
Carrying over left shoulder.....	You are too cruel.
Carrying in front of you.....	No more at present.
Closing it up.....	I wish to speak to you, love.
Folding up.....	Get rid of your company.

Letting it rest on right cheek .....	Yes.
Letting it rest on left cheek .....	No.
With handle to lips .....	Kiss me.
End of tips to lips .....	Do you love?
Dropping it .....	I love you.

## HAT FLIRTATIONS.

Carrying it in the right hand .....	Desirous of an acquaintance.
Carrying it in the left hand .....	I hate you.
Running the finger around the crown .....	I love you.
Running the hand around the rim .....	I hate you.
To wear on the right side of the head .....	No.
To wear on the left side of the head .....	Yes.
To wear on the back of the head. I wish to speak with you.	
To incline toward the nose .....	We are watched.
Putting it behind you .....	I am married.
Putting it in front of you .....	I am single.
Carrying it in the hand by the crown .....	Follow me.
Putting it under the right arm .....	Wait for me.
Putting it under the left arm .....	I will be at the gate at 8 p. m.
Touching the rim to the lips .....	Does he accompany you?
Putting the hat on the head straight .....	All for the present.

TABLE-TALK; OR, BREAKFAST, DINNER, AND SUPPER  
TELEGRAPH.

1. Drawing napkin or handkerchief through the hand—I desire to converse (by signal) with you.
2. Unfolding and holding it by corner—Is it agreeable?
3. Playing with fork and holding forefinger of left hand to left ear—I have something to tell you privately.
4. Holding up knife and fork in each hand—Where can I see you?
5. Laying knife and fork together on left of plate—After the meal. (This signal will suffice for query or answer.)
6. Clenched right hand on table—To-night.
7. The napkin or handkerchief held with three fingers—Yes.
8. Held with two fingers showing—No.
9. Holding napkin to chin with forefinger over mouth—Cease signaling.
10. Standing the knife and fork thus, A—Can I meet you?
11. Laying knife and fork thus, X—I am angry or displeased.
12. Balancing fork on edge of cup—Are you engaged to-night?
13. Folding napkin triangularly (laying it down)—Have you been out since last meal?

14. Drawing knife through prongs of fork—I shall remain at home to-night.
15. Striking fork with knife—I shall go out.
16. Balancing fork on knife—Meet me, (or if by a gentleman,) can I meet you?
17. Placing knife over the glass—Will you be alone?
18. Balancing spoon on edge of cup—I have an engagement.
19. Stirring the spoon in cup slowly—Will you be late?
20. Holding the spoon over cup and gazing meditatively on it—We are suspected, or, we are discovered.
21. Slapping the ear as if brushing away a fly—I do not understand.

It is presumed that parties telegraphing with our Table-Talk will be on opposite sides of table, and to lessen chance of discovery or suspicion, we recommend that the one giving signals should not look at the other until a moment or so afterwards, when a gentle inclination of the head will signify it is noticed and understood. Signals of the Window Telegraph can be also used at the table, at the discretion or understanding of both parties.

It is to be supposed that parties telegraphing will be supplied with our book. Showing it signifies to be informed of the number of dispatch sent, which is not understood,—the number of which can be told by showing of fingers, as in No. 33.

### WINDOW TELEGRAPHING.

1. Open right hand held to side of face—I greet you.
2. Forefinger of left hand on chin—I desire an acquaintance.
3. Forefinger of right hand—Favorable.
4. Three fingers of right hand moved up and down—Yes.
5. Two fingers of right hand and left moved up and down—No.
6. Open hand on forehead—I am a stranger.
7. Palm outward, with back to the forehead—Will you receive my visit?
8. Left hand clinched and held to ear—Impossible.
9. Kissing fingers of left hand—I love you.
10. Fingers of left hand moved toward the breast—Will you love me?
11. Both hands clasped—I am engaged.
12. Fingers of both hands interwoven—I have a lover.
13. Two little fingers locked—I am at leisure.
14. Right hand clenched and thrown downward—I am impatient.
15. Closed hand to the eye, *a la telescope*—I would see you.
16. Slapping breast with left hand—When?
17. Two fingers and thumb of right hand pointing downward—Write to me.

18. Passing forefinger of right hand over palm of left—*I have written.* [The signals 4 and 5 will serve as answer for received or not received.]
19. Arms folded across the breast—Would I were with thee.
20. Forefinger of left hand on forehead—I am sad, or dissatisfied.
21. Both hands open with palm extended—I am pleased, or happy.
22. Forefinger of right hand over mouth—Warning to cease signaling.
23. Forefinger of left hand on the side of nose—You can't fool me.
24. Forefinger of right hand waved toward face—Come and see me—Silence.
25. Thumb and forefinger held outward, forming a circle thus, 0—I have none to love, or I have no lovers.
26. Little finger of left hand held up—I am single.
27. Two little fingers meeting at the points—I am a widow. (Same signal for widower.)
28. Holding hands over the ears—Don't speak to me.
29. Left hand clenched as a fist—To-night.
30. Both hands clenched as fists and held together—To-morrow.
31. Both hands clenched and held together and taking one away—To-morrow night.
32. Taking both hands away—This evening.
33. Two forefingers crossed—I am vexed.
34. Numbers can be represented by the fingers in the old and usual way. For example: both hands, fingers and thumbs held up—Ten; and then succeeded by two fingers of one hand—Twelve.
35. Waving the right hand from you, palm extended—Go away.
36. Slapping ear and shaking the head—I do not understand—repeat.
37. Striking palms with affirmative motion of the head—I understand. (This signal should be given after all interrogatories are answered, until the parties are well practiced in telegraphing.)
38. Raising forefinger of right hand and kissing the tips of left hand fingers four times—Wilt thou be mine? [This signal should only be used with discretion and moderation.]
39. Slapping the hands three times—I must go.
40. Kissing right hand and waving it once—Farewell.
41. Please tell me your name. [This can be done by using the Deaf and Dumb Alphabet.]
- When one party desires to know of another their name or residence, or any other information not included in Window Telegraph, they have only to exhibit the Deaf and Dumb Alphabet, which intimates a desire for such signaling.

## SIGNALS OF THE ABSENT.

Parties corresponding by the Window Telegraph, the lady particularly, should be supplied with three pots or boxes containing flowers. In the case of a gentleman books will answer, two being of similar size, and one longer. The following position or arrangement will explain,—the longest mark representing the largest or highest flower or book; the book must be stood upright.

1. The flowers or books arranged thus, II—I have gone out.
2. Arranged thus, III—I am engaged or busy.
3. Arranged thus, IHI—I will be back soon.
4. Arranged thus, I—I am alone.
5. Arranged thus, II—I have company.
6. None in the window signifies caution or silence.
7. The three placed close together—Absent all day.
8. Two small ones placed close together—To-morrow.
9. Large and small one placed close together—To-night.
10. Large and small one on extreme ends—All is right.
11. Watering flowers or reading book in front of window—I love you dearly.

[It must be understood that the arrangement of objects (as well as the signals), are represented for the one Telegraphing, and are of course reversed to the one receiving communication, as in No. 1, the highest flower-stand is to the right, which will be the left of one opposite.]

12. A yellow ribbon signifies—Sickness.
13. A blue ribbon signifies—I am true.
14. A red ribbon signifies—I am angry.
15. A white ribbon signifies—I am in love.
16. A green ribbon signifies—You are soft.
17. A black ribbon signifies—I am done with you.

## HOW TO KISS DELICIOUSLY.

*[Ladies should see that these rules are strictly observed.]*

The gentleman should be taller than the lady he intends to kiss. Take her right hand in yours, and draw her gently to you; pass your left hand over her right shoulder, diagonally down across her back, under her left arm, and press her to your bosom. At the same time she will throw her head back, and you have nothing to do but to lean a little forward and press your lips to hers, and then the thing is done. Don't make a noise over it, as if you were shooting crackers, nor pounce down upon it like a hungry hawk upon an innocent dove, but gently fold the damsel in your arms, without smashing her standing collar or spoiling her spitties, and, by a sweet pressure upon her mouth, revel in the blissfulness of your situation, without smacking your lips on it, as you would after imbibing the Bacchanalian draught, but like Venus sipping the honey from the lips of—Oh! Shoo Fly.

## TWO WAYS OF DESCRIBING A HUSBAND.

A married lady, obliged to show her letters to her husband, sent the following to a friend.

I can not be satisfied, my dearest friend, blest as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom, which was always in unison with mine, the various sensations which swell with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, my almost burning heart. My dear husband is the most amiable of men. I have been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent the act, as my husband is in person and manners unlike the ugly, cross, disagreeable, and jealous men, who think by confining to secure. A wife it is his maxim to treat as a bosom friend and companion, not as a menial slave, or plaything. The woman of his choice—Neither party, he says, should always obey implicitly, but yield to each other in turn. An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, a cheerful, venerable, and kind old lady, is staying with us,—she is the delight of both young and old; she is civil to all the neighborhood around, generous and charitable to the poor. My husband likes nothing more than he does me; he flatters me more than the glass, and his intoxication, (for so I call the excess of his love,) makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object. I wish I was deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word—and to crown the whole—my former love is now my own husband, my fondness is returned, and I might have had a prince, without the felicity I find in him. Adieu! be you as blest as I'm unable to wish that I could be more happy.

EXPLANATION.—Read the first line and then every other line.

## A MODEL LOVE-LETTER.

The love I have expressed for you is false, and my indifference to you increases. The more I see you the more you seem an object of contempt. I feel myself every way determined to hate you. I had no intention to marry. Our last interview has left an insipidity, and by no means given an exalted idea of your character; your temper would make me unhappy, and if we marry, I should experience daily discord added to everlasting displeasure in living with you. I have a heart to bestow, but I do not imagine it your own. I could not give it to one more capricious than yourself, and less of honor to my choice and my family.

Adieu—adieu! believe me

I am and shall always remain  
averse to you, and can not even be  
your most humble servant.

Read regularly and alternately.

## THE YOUNG HUSBAND'S COMMANDMENTS.

Thou shalt love no other man but me.

Thou shalt not have a photograph or any other likeness of any other man but thy husband.

Thou shalt not keep it in secret or worship it, for I, thy husband, am a jealous husband.

Thou shalt not speak thy husband's name with levity.

Remember thy husband's commandments to keep them sacred.

Honor thy husband and obey him, that thou mayst be long in the house he has given thee.

Thou shalt not permit thy husband to wear a buttonless shirt, but shall keep his clothing in good repair.

Thou shalt not continually gad about, neglecting thy husband and family.

Thou shalt not strive to live in the style of thy neighbor, unless thy husband is able to support it.

Thou shalt not run up large bills at the stores, which thy husband is unable to foot, for verily he knoweth his means.





## LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

### FLOWER DIALOGUES.

I love you .....	A Red Rose.
I love you, and it causes me both pleasure and pain...	{ A Dog Rose.
I love you silently.....	A Red and White Rose.
I share your sentiments.....	Garden Daisy.
You may hope.....	Meadow Daisy.
Speak out.....	Oxlip.
You may hope.....	Snowdrop.
I am sorry .....	Purple Hyacinth.
I share your sentiments.....	Double China Aster.
Do you love me?.....	A Coxcomb.
If you love me, you will find out.	Maiden-blush Rose.
I dare not love you.....	Veronica Speciosa and Rose
I live for thee .....	Cedar Leaf.
I do not love you.....	{ Breaking off and throwing away Rose Petals.
I die if neglected.....	Laurestinus.
I offer you my friendship .....	Sprig of Acacia or Ivy Leaves
Try to forget me.....	Moonwort.
Remember me .....	Forget-me-not.
Be frank with me .....	An Osier. [wim.
I give you the truest friendship.	A Leaf of Oak-leaved Geranium.
Try to save me .....	Chicory and Narcissus.
Be assured of my brotherly (or sisterly) sympathy.....	{ Syringa.
Fly with me .....	Venus' Ear.
Don't talk nonsense.—I think you silly .....	{ Purple Columbine or Pomegranate Flowers.
Be my Valentine.....	Crocus.
You are always delightful.....	Cineraria.

## FLORAL POESY.

- I am very angry with you ..... *A Sprig of Furze.*  
 I have just remembered ..... *China Aster.*  
 Second thoughts are best ..... *China Aster.*  
 I agree to it ..... *A Straw.*  
 I am foolishly anxious ..... *Red Columbine.*  
 Will you grant me an interview? *Pimpernel.*  
 How dare you? ..... *A Sprig of Larch.*  
 You are a miser ..... *Scarlet Auriula.*  
 Be prudent ..... *Ziphion Spinosum.*  
 Be warned in time.—Beware! ..... *Echites; also, Purpurea.*  
 Be mine ..... *Four-leaved Clover.*  
 You are betrayed ..... *White Catchfly.*  
 Beware ..... *Ocander.*  
 Beware of a false friend ..... *Francisca Latifolia.*  
 I am in bonds ..... { *Convolvulus,—dead, if in prison: living, if of love.*  
 You boast ..... *Hydrangea.*  
 Call me not beautiful ..... *Rose Unique.*  
 It is a calumny ..... *Hellebore.*  
 Beware of slander ..... *Ocander and Hellebore.*  
 Be merry ..... *Yellow Crocuses.*  
 Come down to me ..... *Jacob's Ladder.*  
 Be comforted ..... *Scarlet Geranium.*  
 Could you bear poverty? ..... *Browallia Jamisonii.*  
 Do not fear ..... *Poplar Leaves.*  
 You are in danger ..... *Rhododendron.*  
 It is a dangerous pleasure ..... *Tuberose.*  
 Your friend is deceitful ..... *Ivy and Dogebane.*  
 Stop.—Wait ..... *Eupatorium.*  
 Depart ..... *Dandelion Puffball.*  
 I desire to please you ..... *Mezereon.*  
 Despair not. God is everywhere. *White Julienne.*  
 It is difficult ..... *Blackthorn.*  
 I am disappointed ..... *Carolina Syringa.*  
 You have my disdain ..... *Rue, or Yellow Carnation.*  
 You are a good little housewife. *Flax and Thrift.*  
 Will you be a domestic wife? ..... *Flax and Honeysuckle.*  
 Do not despise my poverty ..... *Shepherd's Purse.*  
 Do not refuse me ..... *Eschscholtzia.*  
 I doubt you ..... *Apricot Blossom.*

- I envy you ..... *The Bramble.*  
You are mistaken ..... *Bee Orchis, or Fly Orchis.*  
I can give you esteem, not love. *Spiderwort and Strawberry.*  
I expect you ..... *Anemone.* [Tree.  
Forget me ..... *Moonwort. [Beach Leaves.*  
I hope you may prosper ..... *Flowering Almond, and*  
Dine with us ..... *Oak Leaves.*  
I am your captive ..... *Peach Blossom.*  
Be silent ..... *White Rose.*  
I declare against you ..... *Wild Tansy.*  
I desire a return of affection ..... *Jonguil.*  
I am so much obliged to you ..... *Mint.*  
I feel your hospitality ..... *Flax.*  
I offer you my fortune ..... *Calceolaria.*  
I will lend you money ..... *Calceolaria.*  
Give me a kiss ..... *Mistletoe.*  
Do make haste ..... *Yellow Balsam.*  
Pray do.—Please do ..... *Burdock Leaf.*  
I am independent ..... *Thistle.*  
I don't care for it ..... *Candytuft.*  
I know I can't trust you ..... *Foxglove.*  
You are very feeble ..... *Dahlia.*  
I feel very jealous ..... *French Marigold.*  
Are you jealous? ..... *Yellow Rose.*  
Be happy ..... *Wood Sorrel.*  
Keep your promise ..... *Petunia.*  
What shall I do? ..... *Aspen.*  
Let me go ..... *Butterfly Weed.*  
Be merry ..... *Shamrock.*  
Live for me ..... *Arbor Vita.*  
I love you ..... *Myrtle.*  
I am forsaken ..... *Willow.*  
Make haste ..... *Dianthus.*  
My regrets will ever follow you ..... *Asphodel. Rosemary.*  
Remember me ..... *Rosemary.*  
Will you marry me? ..... *American Linden. Linum.*  
I am very unhappy ..... *Dead Leaves. Dark Geran-*  
You are very clever ..... *Clematis.*  
Your happiness won't last ..... *Virginian Spiderwort.*  
Never despair ..... *Watcher by the Wayside.*

- Be friends ..... *Sprig of Hazel.*  
 Do make up our quarrel ..... *A Filbert.*  
 I forbid you ..... *Sprig of Privet.*  
 I promise to protect you ..... *Bearded Crepis.*  
 Pray for me ..... *White Verbena.*  
 Take care ..... *Golden Rod.* [thorn.  
 I prophesy you will marry soon. *Marigold, Woodbine, Lilies.*  
 Success crown your wishes. .... *Coronella.*  
 For shame ..... *Peony.*  
 We must part ..... *Carolina Jessamine.*  
 Such worth is rare ..... *Achinenes.*  
 You surprise me ..... *Truffle.*  
 I suspect you ..... *Champignon.*  
 Accept my sympathy ..... *Balm.*  
 Thanks ..... *Agrimony.*  
 The variety of your conversation }  
   delights me ..... *Clarkia.*  
 Thee only do I love ..... *Arbutus.*  
 I will think about you ..... *Pansy.*  
 Tell the truth ..... *White Crysanthemum.*  
 I can not accept your love ..... *Scabious.*  
 Unite against our enemies ..... *Scarlet Verbena.*  
 Don't be greedy ..... *Lupine.*  
 Watch ..... *Dame Violet.*  
 Will you accompany me to the }  
   East? ..... *Stephanotis.*  
 Will you dance with me? ..... *White Hyacinth.*  
 You are cold ..... *Hortensia.*  
 You are my dearest pet ..... *Mignonette.*  
 I change but in death ..... *Bay Leaf.*  
 Adieu, but remember me ..... *A broken flower and Pansy.*





## BOUQUETS.

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I.—Remember our rendezvous, but beware of a false friend.

1. Remembrance.....*Rosemary.*
2. Rendezvous.....*Chickweed.*
3. Beware of false friends...*Franciscea Latifolia.*

II.—Our unexpected meeting left but transient impressions.

*Answer.*—Vulgar minds soon forgot.

1. Unexpected meeting.....*Lemon Geranium.*
2. Transient impressions ....*Withered White Rose.*
3. Vulgar minds .....*African Marigold.*
4. Forgetfulness.....*Moonwort.*

III.—My fortitude forsook me on your refusal to be mine.

1. Fortitude .....*Dipteracanthus Spectabilis.*
2. Forsaken .....*Laburnum.*
3. Refusal .....*Striped Carnation.*
4. Be mine .....*Four-leaved Clover.*

IV.—Do not refuse to come down and comfort my solitude.

1. Do not refuse .....*Eschscholtzia.*
2. Come down .....*Jacobi's Ladder*
3. Comfort .....*Pear-Tree.*
4. Solitude .....*Heath.*

V.—Your affectation and deceit I disdain.

1. **Affectation** ..... *Coxcomb Amaranth.*
2. **Deceit** ..... *Flytrap.*
3. **Disdain** ..... *Yellow Carnation.*

VI.—I love to disappoint your curiosity.

1. **Love** ..... *Red Rose.*
2. **Disappoint** ..... *Carolina Springa.*
3. **Curiosity** ..... *Sycamore.*

VII.—I am docile and dejected, do not refuse me.

1. **Docile** ..... *Rush.*
2. **Dejected** ..... *Lichen.*
3. **Do not refuse** ..... *Carrot Flower.*

VIII.—I hope you may be happy, and offer you pecuniary aid.

1. **Hope** ..... *Flowering Almond.*
2. **May you be happy** ..... *Folkamenia.*
3. **Offer pecuniary aid** ..... *Calceolaria.*

IX.—Be temperate in your taste.

1. **Temperance** ..... *Azalea.*
2. **Taste** ..... *Scarlet Fuchsia.*

X.—Let the bonds of marriage unite us.

1. **Bonds** ..... *Blue Convolvulus.*
2. **Marriage** ..... *Ivy.*
3. **Unite us** ..... *A few whole Straws.*

XI.—Meet me to-night; do not forget.

1. **Meet me** ..... *Everlasting Pea.*
2. **To-night** ..... *Night Convolvulus.*
3. **Do not forget** ..... *Forget-me-not.*

XII.—I weep for your indifference, and am melancholy on account of your coldness.

1. I weep for you ..... *Purple Verbena.*
2. Indifference ..... *Mustard-seed.*
3. Melancholy ..... *Dead Leaves.*
4. Coldness ..... *Agnus Castus.*

XIII.—Let the bonds of marriage unite us.

1. Bonds ..... *Blue Convoleulus.*
2. Marriage ..... *Ivy.*
3. Unite us ..... *A few whole Straws.*

XIV.—Farewell! Give me your good wishes.  
Forget me not.

1. Farewell ..... *Sprig of Spruce Fir.*
2. Give me your good wishes. *Sweet Basil.*
3. Forget me not ..... *Forget-me-not.*

XV.—Your patriotism, courage, and fidelity merit everlasting remembrance.

1. Patriotism ..... *Nasturtium.*
2. Courage ..... *Oak Leaves.*
3. Fidelity ..... *Heliotrope.*
4. Everlasting remembrance. *Everlasting, or Immortelles.*

XVI.—Your frivolity and malevolence will cause you to be forsaken by all.

1. Frivolity ..... *London Pride.*
  2. Malevolence ..... *Lobelia.*
  3. Forsaken ..... *Laburnum.*
- The flowers should be bound together with a fading leaf.

XVII.—Be assured of my sympathy. May you find consolation.

1. Be assured of my sympathy. *Thrift.*
2. Consolation ..... *Red Poppy.*

XVIII.—By foresight you will surmount your difficulties.

1. Foresight ..... *Holly.*
2. You will surmount your  
difficulties ..... } *Mistletoe.*

XIX.—Your insincerity and avarice make me hate you.

1. Insincerity ..... *Cherry-blossom, or Foxglove.*
2. Avarice ..... *Scarlet Auriula.*
3. Hatred ..... *Turk's Cap.*

XX.—Beware of deceit. Danger is near. Depart.

1. Beware ..... *Oleander.*
2. Deceit ..... *White Flytrap.*
3. Danger is near ..... *Rhododendron.*
4. Depart ..... *Dandelion, or Thistle Seed-head*

XXI.—You are fickle, indiscreet, and affected. Therefore you are hated.

1. Fickle ..... *Abatina.*
2. Indiscreet ..... *Almond-blossom.*
3. Affected ..... *Cockscomb.*
4. Hatred ..... *Basil.*

XXII.—Humility, meekness, and truth have won the love I give to thee only.

1. Humility ..... *Small Bindweed.*
2. Meekness ..... *Birch.*
3. Truth ..... *White Crysanthemum.*
4. Have won ..... *Parsley.*
5. Love for thee only ..... *Arbutus.*





MODIFICATIONS  
OF  
THE FLOWER LANGUAGE.



If a flower be given *reversed*, its original signification is understood to be contradicted, and the opposite meaning to be implied.

A rosebud divested of its thorns, but retaining its leaves, conveys the sentiment, "I fear no longer; I hope." Thorns signifying fears, and leaves, hopes.

Stripped of leaves and thorns, the bud signifies, "There is nothing to hope or fear."

The expression of flowers is also varied by changing their positions. Place a marigold on the head, and it signifies "Mental anguish;" on the bosom, "Indifference."

When a flower is given, the pronoun *I* is understood by bending it to the right hand; *thou*, by inclining it to the left.

"Yes" is implied by touching the flower given with the lips.

"No," by pinching off a petal, and casting it away.

"I am" is expressed by a laurel-leaf twisted round the bouquet.

"I have," by an ivy-leaf folded together.

"I offer you," by a leaf of the Virginian Creeper.

To win—a sprig of parsley in the bouquet.

"May," or "I desire"—an ivy-tendril round the bouquet.

## FLOWER GAME.



MAKE a large bouquet; let each person draw from it a flower, and the meaning attached to it will typify the future consort's character. For example:—Say your bouquet for Spring consists of Violets, Hyacinths, Primroses, Daisies, Heart's-ease, Hawthorn, Daffodils. Then the characters would be—

Violet, modest; Hyacinth, playful; Dark Hyacinth, mournful; Primrose, simple, candid; Daisy, an early riser; Heart's-ease, kind, charitable, or thoughtful; Hawthorn, hopeful; Daffodil, daring.

## FOR SUMMER.

Rose, loving; White Rose, secret and canny; Pink, haughty; Jasmine, elegant or amiable; Lily, pure; Mignonette, clever; Tulip, proud, conceited; Stock, hasty; Mezereon, a flirt; Foxglove, deceitful; Myrtle, devoted; Laurel, brave; a Reed, musical; Holly-hock, ambitious; Marigold, rich; Poppy, lazy; Corn-flower, extravagant; Dead Leaves, old; Geranium, stupid; Mimosa, nervous; Thistle, patriotic; Thyme, merry; Aster, changeable; Oak-leaf, hospitable.

The profession of the destined lover will be found thus:—Lily, a person of rank; Rose, an artist; Thistle, a Scotchman, and a soldier; Oak-leaf, a farmer; Laurel, a poet; Foxglove, a lawyer; Cypress, a doctor; Tulip, a freeholder; Passion-flower, a clergymen; Marigold, a merchant; Shamrock, an Irishman; Leek, a Welshman.

Of course the persons who draw the flowers are supposed to be ignorant of their meaning; or they may draw blindfolded.



# THE VOCABULARY.

## PART THE FIRST.

Abatina	Fickleness.
Abecedary	Volubility.
Acacia	Friendship.
Acacia, Rose or White	Elegance.
Acacia, Yellow	Secret love.
Acanthus	The fine arts. Artifice.
Acalia	Temperance.
Achillea Millefolia	War.
Achimenes Cupreata	Such worth is rare.
Aconite (Wolfsbane)	Misanthropy.
Aconite, Crowfoot	Luster.
Adonis, Flos	Sad memories.
African Marigold	Vulgar minds.
Agnus Castus	Coldness. Indifference.
Agrimony	Thankfulness. Gratitude.
Almond, Common	Stupidity. Indiscretion.
Almond, Flowering	Hope.
Almond, Laurel	Perfidy.
Allspice	Compassion.
Aloe	Grief. Superstition. Bitterness.
Althaea Frutex (Syrian Mallow)	Persuasion.
Alyssum, Sweet	Worth beyond beauty.
Amaranth, Globe	Immortality. Unfading love.
Amaranth (Cockscomb)	Foppery. Affection.
Amaryllis	Pride. Timidity. Splendid beauty.
Ambrosia	Love returned.
American Cowslip	Divine beauty.
American Elm	Patriotism.
American Linden	Matrimony. [ful old age.
American Starwort	Welcome to a stranger. Cheer-
Amethyst	Admiration.
Andromeda	Self-sacrifice.
Anemone (Zephyr Flower)	Sickness. Expectation.
Anemone, Garden	Forsaken.
Angelica	Inspiration, or Magic.
Angrec	Royalty.
Apocynum (Dogsbane)	Deceit.
Apple	Temptation.

Apple-blossom . . . . .	Preference. Fame speaks him
Apple, Thorn . . . . .	Deceitful charms. [great & good
Apricot-blossom . . . . .	Doubt. [for me.
Arbor-vitæ . . . . .	Unchanging friendship. Live
Arbutus . . . . .	Thee only do I love.
Arum (Wake Robin) . . . . .	Ardor. Zeal.
Ash-leaved Trumpet-flower . . . . .	Separation. [safe.
Ash, Mountain . . . . .	Prudence, or With me you are
Ash-tree . . . . .	Grandeur.
Aspen-tree . . . . .	Lamentation, or Fear.
Aster, China . . . . .	Variety. Afterthought. [grave.
Asphodel . . . . .	My regrets follow you to the
Auricula . . . . .	Painting.
Auricula, Scarlet . . . . .	Avarice.
Auricula, Yellow . . . . .	Splendor.
Autumnal Leaves . . . . .	Melancholy.
Azalea . . . . .	Temperance.
Bachelor's-button . . . . .	Celibacy.
Balm . . . . .	Sympathy.
Balm, Gentle . . . . .	Pleasantry.
Balm of Gilead . . . . .	Care. Relief. [solves.
Balsam, Red . . . . .	Touch me not. Impatient re-
Balsam, Yellow . . . . .	Impatience.
Barberry . . . . .	Sharpness of Temper.
Basil . . . . .	Hatred.
Bay-leaf . . . . .	I change but in death.
Bay (Rose) Rhododendron . . . . .	Danger. Beware.
Bay-tree . . . . .	Glory.
Bay-wreath . . . . .	Reward of merit.
Bearded Crepis . . . . .	Protection.
Beech-tree . . . . .	Prosperity.
Bee-orchis . . . . .	Industry.
Bee-ophrys . . . . .	Error.
Begonia . . . . .	Deformity.
Belladonna . . . . .	Silence. Hush!
Bellflower, Pyramidal . . . . .	Constancy.
Bellflower (Small White) . . . . .	Gratitude.
Belvedere . . . . .	I declare against you.
Betony . . . . .	Surprise.
Bilberry . . . . .	Treachery.
Bindweed, Great . . . . .	Insinuation. Importunity.
Bindweed, Small . . . . .	Humility.
Birch . . . . .	Meekness.
Birdsfoot (Trefoil) . . . . .	Krevenge.
Bittersweet (Nightshade) . . . . .	Truth.
Black Poplar . . . . .	Courage. Affliction.
Blackthorn . . . . .	Difficulty.
Bladder-nut Tree . . . . .	Privotily. Amusement.
Bluebottle (Centaury) . . . . .	Delicacy.
Bluebell . . . . .	Constancy. Sorrow & regret.

Blue-flower Greek Valerian.	Rupture.
Bonus Henricus.	Goodness.
Borage.	Bluntness.
Box-tree.	Sioticism.
Eramble.	Lowliness. Envy. Remorse.
Branch of Currants.	You please all.
Branch of Thorns.	Severity. Rigor.
Bridal Rose.	Happy love.
Broom.	Humility. Neatness.
Browallia Jamisonii.	Could you bear poverty?
Buckbean.	Calm repose.
Bud of White Rose.	A heart ignorant of love.
Buglos.	Falseshood.
Bulrush.	Indiscretion. Docility.
Bundle of Reeds, with their Panicles.	{ Music.
Bur.	Rudeness. You weary me.
Burdock.	Importunity. Touch me not.
Buttercup (Kingcup).	Ingratitude. Childishness.
Buttercups.	Riches.
Butterfly-orchis.	Gayety.
Butterfly-weed.	Let me go.
Cabbage.	Profit.
Cacalia.	Adulation.
Cactus.	Warmth.
Calla <i>Ethiopica</i> .	Magnificent beauty.
Calceolaria.	I offer you pecuniary assistance.
Calycanthus.	Benevolence.
Camellia Japonica, Red.	Unpretending excellence.
Camellia, White.	Perfected loveliness.
Campanula Pyramida.	Aspiring.
Camphire.	Fragrance.
Canary-grass.	Persererance.
Candytuft.	Indifference.
Canterbury-bell.	Acknowledgment.
Cape Jasmine.	I am too happy.
Cardamine.	Paternal error.
Carnation, Deep Red.	Alas! for my noor heart.
Carnation, Striped.	Refusal.
Carnation, Yellow.	Disclaim.
Cardinal-flower.	Distinction.
Catchfly.	Snare.
Catchfly, Red.	Youthful love.
Catchfly, White.	Betrayed.
Cattleya.	Mature charms.
Cattleya, Pineli.	Matronly graco.
Cedar.	Strength.
Cedar of Lebanon.	Incorruptible.
Cedar-leaf.	I live for thee.
Celandine, Lesser.	Joys to come.

Cereus, Creeping . . . . .	Modest genius.
Centaury . . . . .	Delicacy.
Chamomile . . . . .	Energy in adversity.
Champignon . . . . .	Suspicion.
Checkered Fritillary . . . . .	Persecution.
Cherry-tree, White . . . . .	Good education.
Cherry-blossom . . . . .	Insincerity.
Chestnut-tree . . . . .	Do me justice.
Chinese Primrose . . . . .	Lasting love.
Chickweed . . . . .	Rendezvous.
Chicory . . . . .	Frugality.
China-aster . . . . .	Variety.
China-aster, Double . . . . .	I partake of your sentiments.
China-aster, Single . . . . .	I will think of it.
China or Indian Pink . . . . .	Aversion.
China-rose . . . . .	Beauty always new.
Chinese Chrysanthemum . . . . .	Cheerfulness under adversity.
Chorozema Varium . . . . .	You have many lovers.
Christmas-rose . . . . .	Relieve my anxiety.
Chrysanthemum, Red . . . . .	I love.
Chrysanthemum, White . . . . .	Truth.
Chrysanthemum, Yellow . . . . .	Sighted love.
Cineraria . . . . .	Always delightful.
Cinquefoil . . . . .	Maternal affection.
Circæa . . . . .	Spell.
Cistus, or Rock-rose . . . . .	Popular favor.
Cistus, Gum . . . . .	I shall die to-morrow.
Citron . . . . .	Ill-natured beauty. [delights me
Clarkia . . . . .	The variety of your conversation
Clematis . . . . .	Mental beauty. Artifice.
Clematis, Evergreen . . . . .	Poverty.
Clianthus . . . . .	Worldliness. Self-seeking.
Clotbur . . . . .	Rudeness. Pertinacity.
Cloves . . . . .	Dignity.
Clover, Four-leaved . . . . .	Be mine.
Clover, Red . . . . .	Industry.
Clover, White . . . . .	Think of me. Promise.
Cobæa . . . . .	Gossip.
Cockscomb (Amaranth) . . . . .	Foppery. Affectation. Singularity.
Colchicum, or Meadow-saffron . . . . .	My best days are past.
Coltsfoot . . . . .	Justice shall be done.
Columbine . . . . .	Folly.
Columbine, Purple . . . . .	Resolved to win.
Columbine, Red . . . . .	Anxious and trembling.
Convolvulus . . . . .	Bonds.
Convolvulus Bl. Minor . . . . .	Repose. Night.
Convolvulus Major . . . . .	Extinguished hopes. [affection.
Convolvulus, Pink . . . . .	Worth, and judicious and tender
Corchorus . . . . .	Impatience of absence.
Coreopsis . . . . .	Always cheerful.
Coreopsis Arkansa . . . . .	Love at first sight.

Coriander . . . . .	<i>Hidden worth.</i>
Corn . . . . .	<i>Riches.</i>
Corn, Broken . . . . .	<i>Quarrel.</i>
Cornbottle . . . . .	<i>Delicacy.</i>
Cornecockle . . . . .	<i>Gentility.</i>
Cornflower . . . . .	<i>Delicacy.</i>
Corn-straw . . . . .	<i>Agreement.</i>
Cornel-tree . . . . .	<i>Duration.</i>
Coronella . . . . .	<i>Success crown your wishes.</i>
Cosmella Subra . . . . .	<i>The charm of a blush. [beauty.</i>
Cowslip . . . . .	<i>Pensiveness. Grace. Youthful</i>
Cowslip (American) . . . . .	<i>Divine beauty.</i>
Crab-blossom . . . . .	<i>Ill-nature.</i>
Cranberry . . . . .	<i>Cure for heartache.</i>
Creeping Cereus . . . . .	<i>Horror.</i>
Cress . . . . .	<i>Stability. Power.</i>
Crocus . . . . .	<i>Abuse not. Impatience.</i>
Crocus, Spring . . . . .	<i>Youthful gladness.</i>
Crocus (Saffron) . . . . .	<i>Mirth. Cheerfulness.</i>
Crown Imperial . . . . .	<i>Majesty. Power.</i>
Crowsbill . . . . .	<i>Envy.</i>
Crowfoot . . . . .	<i>Ingratitude.</i>
Crowfoot (Aconite-leaved) . . . . .	<i>Luster.</i>
Cuckoo-plant . . . . .	<i>Ardor.</i>
Cudweed, American . . . . .	<i>Unceasing remembrance.</i>
Currant . . . . .	<i>Thy frown will kill me.</i>
Cuscuta . . . . .	<i>Meanness.</i>
Cyclamen . . . . .	<i>Diffidence.</i>
Cypress . . . . .	<i>Death. Mourning.</i>
Daffodil . . . . .	<i>Regard. Unrequited love.</i>
Dahlia . . . . .	<i>Instability. Pomp.</i>
Daisy . . . . .	<i>Innocence and Hope.</i>
Daisy, Garden . . . . .	<i>I share your sentiments.</i>
Daisy, Michaelmas . . . . .	<i>Farewell, or Afterthought.</i>
Daisy, Parti-colored . . . . .	<i>Beauty.</i>
Daisy, Wild . . . . .	<i>I will think of it.</i>
Damask-rose . . . . .	<i>Brilliant complexion.</i>
Dandelion . . . . .	<i>Rustic oracle.</i>
Dandelion, or Thistle-head . . . . .	<i>Depart.</i>
Daphne . . . . .	<i>Glory. Immortality.</i>
Daphne-odora . . . . .	<i>Painting the lily.</i>
Darnel . . . . .	<i>Vice.</i>
Dead Leaves . . . . .	<i>Sadness.</i>
Deadly Nightshade . . . . .	<i>Falsehood.</i>
Dewplant . . . . .	<i>A serenade.</i>
Dianthus . . . . .	<i>Make haste.</i>
Diosma . . . . .	<i>Your simple elegance charms me</i>
Dipteranthus Spectabilis . . . . .	<i>Fortitude.</i>
Diplodiæmia Crassinoda . . . . .	<i>You are too bold.</i>
Dittany of Crete . . . . .	<i>Birth.</i>

Dittany of Crete, White . . . . .	<i>Passion.</i>
Dock . . . . .	<i>Patience.</i>
Dodder of Thyme . . . . .	<i>Baseness.</i>
Dogsbane . . . . .	<i>Deceit. Falsehood.</i>
Dogwood . . . . .	<i>Durability.</i>
Dragon-plant . . . . .	<i>Snare.</i>
Dragonwort . . . . .	<i>Horror.</i>
Dried Flax . . . . .	<i>Utility.</i>
 Ebony-tree . . . . .	<i>Blackness.</i>
Echites Atropurpurea . . . . .	<i>Be warned in time.</i>
Eglantine (Sweetbrier) . . . . .	<i>Poetry. I wound to heal.</i>
Elder . . . . .	<i>Zealousness.</i>
Elm . . . . .	<i>Dignity.</i>
Enchanter's Nightshade . . . . .	<i>Witchcraft. Sorcery.</i>
Endive . . . . .	<i>Frugality.</i>
Eschsholtzia . . . . .	<i>Do not refuse me.</i>
Eupatorium . . . . .	<i>Delay.</i>
Evening Primrose . . . . .	<i>Silent love.</i>
Ever-bowing Candytuft . . . . .	<i>Indifference.</i>
Evergreen Clematis . . . . .	<i>Poverty.</i>
Evergreen Thorn . . . . .	<i>Solace in adversity.</i>
Everlasting . . . . .	<i>Never-ceasing remembrance.</i>
Everlasting Pea . . . . .	<i>Lasting pleasure.</i>
 Fennel . . . . .	<i>Worthy all praise. Strength.</i>
Fern . . . . .	<i>Fascination. Magic. Sincerity.</i>
Ficoides (Iceplant) . . . . .	<i>Your looks freeze me.</i>
Fig . . . . .	<i>Argument.</i>
Fig-marigold . . . . .	<i>Idleness.</i>
Fig-tree . . . . .	<i>Prolific.</i>
Filbert . . . . .	<i>Reconciliation.</i>
Fir . . . . .	<i>Time.</i>
Fir-tree . . . . .	<i>Elevation. [your kindness.</i>
Flax . . . . .	<i>Domestic industry. Fate. I feel</i>
Flax-leaved Golden-locks . . . . .	<i>Turdiness.</i>
Fleur-de-lis . . . . .	<i>Flame. I burn.</i>
Fleur-de-luce . . . . .	<i>Fire.</i>
Flowering Fern . . . . .	<i>Reverie.</i>
Flowering Reed . . . . .	<i>Confidence in Heaven.</i>
Flower-of-an-hour . . . . .	<i>Delicate beauty.</i>
Fly-orchis . . . . .	<i>Error.</i>
Flytrap . . . . .	<i>Deceit.</i>
Fool's Parsley . . . . .	<i>Silliness.</i>
Forget-me-not . . . . .	<i>Forget-me-not.</i>
Foxglove . . . . .	<i>Insincerity.</i>
Foxtail-grass . . . . .	<i>Sporting.</i>
Franciscea Latifolia . . . . .	<i>Beware of false friends.</i>
French Honeysuckle . . . . .	<i>Rustic beauty.</i>
French Marigold . . . . .	<i>Jealousy.</i>
French Willow . . . . .	<i>Bravery and Humanity.</i>

Frog-ophrys	Disgust.
Fuller's Teasel	Misanthropy.
Fumitory	Spleen.
Fuchsia, Scarlet	Taste.
Furze, or Gorse	Love for all seasons. Anger.
Garden Anemone	Forsaken.
Garden Chervil	Sincerity.
Garden Daisy	I partake of your sentiments.
Garden Marigold	Uneasiness.
Garden Ranunculus	You are rich in attractions.
Garden Sage	Esteem.
Gardenia	Refinement.
Garland of Roses	Reward of virtue.
Gentian	I love you best when you are sad.
Germander Speedwell	Facility.
Geranium	Deceit.
Geranium, Dark	Melancholy.
Geranium, Horseshoe-leaf	Stupidity.
Geranium, Ivy	Bridal Favor.
Geranium, Lemon	Unexpected meeting.
Geranium, Nutmeg	Expected meeting.
Geranium, Oak-leaved	True friendship.
Geranium, Penciled	Ingenuity.
Geranium, Rose-scented	Preference.
Geranium, Scarlet	Comforting.
Geranium, Silver-leaved	Recall.
Geranium, Wild	Steadfast piety.
Gillyflower	Bonds of affection.
Gladioli	Ready armed.
Glory-flower	Glorious beauty.
Goat's-rue	Reason.
Golden-rod	Precaution.
Gooseberry	Anticipation.
Gourd	Extent, Bulk.
Grammanthus Chloroflora	Your temper is too hasty.
Grape, Wild	Charity.
Grass	Submission. Utility.
Guilder-rose	Winter. Age.
Handflower-tree	Warning.
Harebell	Submission. Grief.
Hawkweed	Quick-sightedness.
Hawthorn	Hope.
Hazel	Reconciliation.
Heartsease, or Pansy	Thoughts.
Heath	Solitude.
Helenium	Tears.
Heliotrope	Devotion; or, I turn to thee.
Hellebore	Scandal. Calumny.
Helmet-flower (Monkshood)	Knight-errantry.

Hemlock	You will be my death.
Hemp	Fate.
Hencane	Imperfection.
Hepatica	Confidence.
Hibiscus	Delicate beauty.
Holly	Foresight.
Holly Herb	Enchantment.
Hollyhock	Ambition. Fecundity.
Honesty	Honesty. Fascination.
Honeyflower	Love sweet and secret.
Honeysuckle	Generous and devoted affection.
Honeysuckle, Coral	The color of my fate.
Honeysuckle, French	Rustic beauty.
Hop	Injustice.
Hornbeam	Ornament.
Horse-chestnut	Luxury.
Hortensia	You are cold.
Houseleek	Vivacity. Domestic industry.
Houstonia	Content.
Hoya	Sculpture.
Hoyabella	Contentment.
Humble-plant	Despondency.
Hundred-leaved Rose	Dignity of mind.
Hyacinth	Sport. Games. Play.
Hyacinth, Purple	Sorrowful. I am sorry.
Hyacinth, White	Unobtrusive loveliness.
Hydrangea	A boaster.
Hyssop	Cleanliness.
Iceland-moss	Health.
Iceplant	Your looks freeze me. [honor.
Imbricata	Uprightness. Sentiments of
Imperial-montague	Power.
Indian-cress	Warlike trophy.
Indian-jasmine (Ipomoea)	Attachment.
Indian-pink (double)	Always lovely.
Indian-plum	Privation.
Iris	Message.
Iris, German	Flame.
Ivy	Friendship. Fidelity. Marriage.
Ivy, Sprig of, with Tendrils	Assiduous to please.
Jacob's Ladder	Come down.
Japan-rose	Beauty is your only attraction.
Japanese Lilies	You can not deceive me.
Jasmine	Amiability.
Jasmine, Cape	Transport of joy.
Jasmine, Carolina	Separation.
Jasmine, Indian	I attach myself to you.
Jasmine, Spanish	Sensuality.

Jasmine, Yellow . . . . .	Grace and elegance.
Jonquil . . . . .	I desire a return of affection.
Judas-tree . . . . .	Unbelief. Betrayal.
Julienne, White . . . . .	Despair not; God is everywhere
Juniper . . . . .	Succor. Protection. [ness.
Justicia . . . . .	The perfection of female loveli-
Kennedia . . . . .	Mental beauty.
Kingcups . . . . .	Desire of riches.
Laburnum . . . . .	Forsaken. Pensive beauty.
Lady's Slipper . . . . .	Capricious beauty. Win me and
Lagerstræmia, Indian . . . . .	Eloquence. [wear me.
Lantana . . . . .	Rigor.
Laپageria Rosea . . . . .	There is no unalloyed good.
Larch . . . . .	Audacity. Boldness.
Larkspur . . . . .	Lightness. Levity.
Larkspur, Pink . . . . .	Fickleness.
Larkspur, Purple . . . . .	Haughtiness.
Laurel . . . . .	Glory.
Laurel, Common (in flower) . . . . .	Perfidy.
Laurel, Ground . . . . .	Perseverance.
Laurel, Mountain . . . . .	Ambition.
Laurel-leaved Magnolia . . . . .	Dignity.
Laurestina . . . . .	A token.
Lavender . . . . .	Distrust.
Leaves, Dead . . . . .	Melancholy.
Lemon . . . . .	Zest.
Lemon-blossoms . . . . .	Fidelity in Love.
Leschenaultia Splendens . . . . .	You are charming.
Lettuce . . . . .	Cold-heartedness.
Lichen . . . . .	Dejection. Solitude.
Lilac, Field . . . . .	Humility.
Lilac, Purple . . . . .	First emotions of love.
Lilac, White . . . . .	Joy of youth.
Lily, Day . . . . .	Coquetry.
Lily, Imperial . . . . .	Majesty.
Lily, White . . . . .	Purity. Sweetness.
Lily, Yellow . . . . .	Falsehood. Gayety.
Lily of the Valley . . . . .	Return of happiness. * Uncon-
Linden or Lime Trees . . . . .	Conjugal love. [scious sweetness
Lint . . . . .	I feel my obligations.
Live-oak . . . . .	Liberty.
Liverwort . . . . .	Confidence.
Liquorice, Wild . . . . .	I declare against you.
Lobelia . . . . .	Malevolence.
Locust-tree . . . . .	Elegance.
Locust-tree (green) . . . . .	Affection beyond the grave.
London Pride . . . . .	Frivolity.
Lote-tree . . . . .	Concord.
Lotus . . . . .	Eloquence. Repose.

Lotus-flower . . . . .	Ensnared love.
Lotus-leaf . . . . .	Recantation.
Love-in-a-mist . . . . .	Perplexity.
Love-lies-bleeding . . . . .	Hopeless, not heartless.
Lucerne . . . . .	Life.
Lupin . . . . .	Voraciousness.
Madder . . . . .	Calumny.
Magnolia . . . . .	Love of Nature. Magnificence.
Magnolia, Swamp . . . . .	Perseverance.
Mallow . . . . .	Mildness.
Mallow, Marsh . . . . .	Beneficence.
Mallow, Syrian . . . . .	Consumed by love.
Mallow, Venetian . . . . .	Delicate beauty.
Malon Creeana . . . . .	Will you share my fortunes?
Manchineal-tree . . . . .	Falschood.
Mandrake . . . . .	Horror.
Maple . . . . .	Reserve.
Marianthus . . . . .	Hope for better days.
Marigold . . . . .	Grief.
Marigold, African . . . . .	Vulgar minds.
Marigold, French . . . . .	Jealousy.
Marigold, Prophetic . . . . .	Prediction.
Marigold and Cypress . . . . .	Despair.
Marjoram . . . . .	Blushes.
Marvel of Peru . . . . .	Timidity.
Meadow-lychnis . . . . .	Wit.
Meadow-saffron . . . . .	My best days are past.
Meadowsweet . . . . .	Uselessness.
Mercury . . . . .	Goodness.
Mesembryanthemum . . . . .	Idleness.
Mezereon . . . . .	Desire to please.
Michaelmas-daisy . . . . .	Afterthought. [charms.
Mignonette . . . . .	Your qualities surpass your War.
Milfoil . . . . .	Your presence softens my pains
Milk-vetch . . . . .	Hermitage.
Milkwort . . . . .	Sensitiveness.
Mimosa (Sensitive-plant) . . . . .	Virtue.
Mint . . . . .	I surmount difficulties.
Mistletoe . . . . .	Indolence. Dullness.
Mitraria Coccinea . . . . .	Counterfeit.
Mock-orange . . . . .	Your whims are unbearable.
Monarda Amplexicaulis . . . . .	A deadly foe is near.
Monkshood . . . . .	Chivalry. Knight-errantry.
Monkshood (Helmet-flower) . . . . .	Forgetfulness.
Moorwort . . . . .	Affection.
Morning-glory . . . . .	Weakness.
Moschatel . . . . .	Maternal love.
Moss . . . . .	Ennui.
Mosses . . . . .	Affection.
Mossy Saxifrage . . . . .	

Motherwort	Concealed love.
Mountain Ash	Prudence. <span style="float: right;">[lost all.]</span>
Mourning Bride	Unfortunate attachment. I have
Mouse-eared Chickweed	Ingenious simplicity.
Mouse-eared Scorpion-grass	Forget-me-not.
Moving-plant	Agitation.
Mudwort	Happiness. Tranquility.
Mulberry-tree, Black	I shall not survive you.
Mulberry-tree, White	Wisdom. <span style="float: right;">[trust you.]</span>
Mushroom	Suspicion; or, I can't entirely.
Musk-plant	Weakness.
Mustard-seed	Indifference.
Myrobalan	Privation.
Myrrh	Gladness.
Myrtle	Love.
Narcissus	Egotism.
Nasturtium	Patriotism.
Nemophila	Success everywhere.
Nettle, Common Stinging	You are spiteful.
Nettle, Burning	Slander.
Nettle-tree	Conceit.
Night-blooming Cereus	Transient beauty.
Night Convolvulus	Night.
Nightshade	Falsehood.
Oak-leaves	Bravery.
Oak-tree	Hospitality.
Oak, White	Independence.
Oats	The witching soul of music.
Oleander	Beware.
Olive	Peace. <span style="float: right;">[ness.]</span>
Orange-blossoms	Your purity equals your loveli-
Orange-flowers	Chastity. Bridal festivities.
Orange-tree	Generosity.
Orchis	A belle.
Oster	Frankness.
Osmunda	Dreams.
Oxeye	Patience.
Oxlip	Speak out.
Palm	Victory.
Pansy	Thought.
Parsley	Festivity. To win.
Pasqueflower	You have no claims.
Passionflower	Superstition (when reversed), or
Patience Dock	Patience. <span style="float: right;">[Faith if erect.]</span>
Pea, Everlasting	An appointed meeting. Lasting
Pea, Sweet	Departure. <span style="float: right;">[pleasure.]</span>
Peach	Your charms are unquailed.

Peach-blossom . . . . .	<i>I am your captive.</i>
Pear . . . . .	<i>Affection.</i>
Pear-tree . . . . .	<i>Comfort.</i>
Pentstemon Azureum . . . . .	<i>High-bred.</i>
Pennyroyal . . . . .	<i>Flee away.</i>
Peony . . . . .	<i>Shame. Bashfulness.</i>
Peppermint . . . . .	<i>Warmth of feeling.</i>
Periwinkle, Blue . . . . .	<i>Early friendship.</i>
Periwinkle, White . . . . .	<i>Pleasures of memory.</i>
Persicaria . . . . .	<i>Restoration.</i>
Persimmon . . . . .	<i>Bury me amid Nature's beauties.</i>
Peruvian Heliotrope . . . . .	<i>Devotion.</i>
Petunia . . . . .	<i>Your presence soothes me.</i>
Pheasant's-eye . . . . .	<i>Remembrance.</i>
Phlox . . . . .	<i>Unanimity.</i>
Pigeon-berry . . . . .	<i>Indifference.</i>
Pimpernel . . . . .	<i>Change. Assignation.</i>
Pine . . . . .	<i>Pity.</i>
Pineapple . . . . .	<i>You are perfect.</i>
Pine, Pitch . . . . .	<i>Philosophy.</i>
Pine, Spruce . . . . .	<i>Hope in adversity.</i>
Pink . . . . .	<i>Boldness.</i>
Pink, Carnation . . . . .	<i>Woman's love.</i>
Pink, Indian Double . . . . .	<i>Always lovely.</i>
Pink, Indian Single . . . . .	<i>Aversion.</i>
Pink, Mountain . . . . .	<i>Aspiring.</i>
Pink, Red Double . . . . .	<i>Pure and ardent love.</i>
Pink, Single . . . . .	<i>Pure love.</i>
Pink, Variegated . . . . .	<i>Refusal.</i>
Pink, White . . . . .	<i>Ingeniousness. Talent.</i>
Plantain . . . . .	<i>Whiteman's footsteps.</i>
Plane-tree . . . . .	<i>Genius.</i>
Plum, Indian . . . . .	<i>Privation.</i>
Plum-tree . . . . .	<i>Fidelity.</i>
Plum, Wild . . . . .	<i>Independence.</i>
Plumbago Larpenta . . . . .	<i>Holy. Vicious.</i>
Polyanthus . . . . .	<i>Pride of riches.</i>
Polyanthus, Crimson . . . . .	<i>The heart's mystery.</i>
Polyanthus, Lilac . . . . .	<i>Confidence.</i>
Pomegranate . . . . .	<i>Foolishness.</i>
Pomegranate-flower . . . . .	<i>Nature. Elegance.</i>
Poor Robin . . . . .	<i>Compensation, or an equivalent.</i>
Poplar, Black . . . . .	<i>Courage.</i>
Poplar, White . . . . .	<i>Time.</i>
Poppy, Red . . . . .	<i>Consolation.</i>
Poppy, Scarlet . . . . .	<i>Fantastic extravagance.</i>
Poppy, White . . . . .	<i>Sleep. My bane.</i>
Potato . . . . .	<i>Benevolence.</i>
Potentilla . . . . .	<i>I claim at least your esteem.</i>
Prickly-pear . . . . .	<i>Satire.</i>

Pride of China . . . . .	<i>Disension.</i>
Primrose . . . . .	<i>Early youth and sadness.</i>
Primrose, Evening . . . . .	<i>Inconstancy.</i>
Primrose, Red . . . . .	<i>Unpatronized merit.</i>
Privet . . . . .	<i>Prohibition.</i>
Purple Clover . . . . .	<i>Provident.</i>
Pyrus Japonica . . . . .	<i>Fairies' fire.</i>
Quaking-grass . . . . .	<i>Agitation.</i>
Quamoclit . . . . .	<i>Busybody.</i> [Fashion.]
Queen's Rocket . . . . .	<i>You are the queen of coqueties.</i>
Quince . . . . .	<i>Temptation.</i>
Ragged-robin . . . . .	<i>Wit.</i>
Ranunculus . . . . .	<i>You are radiant with charms.</i>
Ranunculus, Garden . . . . .	<i>You are rich in attractions.</i>
Ranunculus, Wild . . . . .	<i>Ingratitude.</i>
Raspberry . . . . .	<i>Remorse.</i>
Ray-grass . . . . .	<i>Vice.</i>
Red Catchfly . . . . .	<i>Youthful love.</i>
Reed . . . . .	<i>Complaisance. Music.</i>
Reed, Split . . . . .	<i>Indiscretion.</i>
Rhododendron (Rosebay) . . . . .	<i>Danger. Beware.</i>
Rhubarb . . . . .	<i>Advice.</i>
Rocket . . . . .	<i>Revelry.</i>
Rosa-mundi . . . . .	<i>Variety.</i>
Rose, Austrian . . . . .	<i>Thou art all that is</i>
Rose, Bridal . . . . .	<i>Happy love.</i>
Rose, Burgundy . . . . .	<i>Unconscious beauty.</i>
Rose, Cabbage . . . . .	<i>Ambassador of love.</i>
Rose, Campion . . . . .	<i>Only deserve my love.</i>
Rose, Caroline . . . . .	<i>Love is dangerous.</i>
Rose, China . . . . .	<i>Beauty always new.</i>
Rose, Christmas . . . . .	<i>Tranquilize my anxiety.</i>
Rose, Daily . . . . .	<i>Thy smile I aspire to.</i>
Rose, Damask . . . . .	<i>Brilliant complexion.</i>
Rose, Deep Red . . . . .	<i>Bashful shame.</i>
Rose, Dog . . . . .	<i>Love, pleasure, and pain.</i>
Rose, Guelder . . . . .	<i>Winter. Age.</i>
Rose, Hundred-leaved . . . . .	<i>Pride.</i>
Rose, Japan . . . . .	<i>Beauty is your only attraction.</i>
Rose, Maiden-blush . . . . .	<i>If you love me you will find out.</i>
Rose, Montiflora . . . . .	<i>Grace.</i>
Rose, Musk . . . . .	<i>Capricious beauty.</i>
Rose, Musk, Cluster . . . . .	<i>Charming.</i>
Rose, Red . . . . .	<i>Love.</i>
Rose, Single . . . . .	<i>Simplicity.</i>
Rose, Thornless . . . . .	<i>Early attachment.</i>
Rose, Unique . . . . .	<i>Call me not beautiful.</i>
Rose, White . . . . .	<i>I am worthy of you.</i>

Rose, White (withered) . . . . .	<i>Transient impressions.</i>
Rose, Yellow . . . . .	<i>Decrease of love. Jealousy.</i>
Rose, York and Lancaster . . . . .	<i>War.</i>
Rose (full-blown, over two buds) . . . . .	<i>Sorcery.</i>
Rose, White and Red together . . . . .	<i>Unity.</i>
Roses, Crown of . . . . .	<i>Reward of virtue.</i>
Rosebud, Red . . . . .	<i>Pure and lovely.</i>
Rosebud, White . . . . .	<i>Girlhood.</i>
Rosebud, Moss . . . . .	<i>Confession of love.</i>
Rose-leaf . . . . .	<i>You may hope.</i>
Rosemary . . . . .	<i>Remembrance.</i>
Rudbeckia . . . . .	<i>Justice.</i>
Rue . . . . .	<i>Disdain.</i>
Rush . . . . .	<i>Doctility.</i>
Rye-grass . . . . .	<i>Changeable disposition.</i>
Saffron . . . . .	<i>Beware of excess.</i>
Saffron Crocus . . . . .	<i>Mirth.</i>
Saffron, Meadow . . . . .	<i>My happiest days are past.</i>
Sage . . . . .	<i>Domestic virtue.</i>
Sage, Garden . . . . .	<i>Esteem.</i>
Sainfoin . . . . .	<i>Agitation.</i>
Saint John's Wort . . . . .	<i>Animosity.</i>
Salvia, Blue . . . . .	<i>Wisdom.</i>
Salvia, Red . . . . .	<i>Energy.</i>
Saxifrage, Mossy . . . . .	<i>Affection.</i>
Scabious . . . . .	<i>Unfortunate love.</i>
Scabious, Sweet . . . . .	<i>Widowhood.</i>
Scarlet Lychnis . . . . .	<i>Sunbeaming eyes.</i>
Schinus . . . . .	<i>Religious enthusiasm.</i>
Scotch Fir . . . . .	<i>Elevation.</i>
Sensitive-plant . . . . .	<i>Sensibility.</i>
Envy . . . . .	<i>Indifference.</i>
Shamrock . . . . .	<i>Light-heartedness.</i>
Shepherd's Purse . . . . .	<i>I offer you my all.</i>
Siphocampyllos . . . . .	<i>Resolved to be noticed.</i>
Snakesfoot . . . . .	<i>Horror.</i>
Snapdragon . . . . .	<i>Presumption. Also, "No."</i>
Snowball . . . . .	<i>Bound.</i>
Snowdrop . . . . .	<i>Hope.</i>
Sorrel . . . . .	<i>Affection.</i>
Sorrel, Wild . . . . .	<i>Wit ill-timed.</i>
Sorrel, Wood . . . . .	<i>Joy.</i>
Southernwood . . . . .	<i>Jest. Bantering.</i>
Spanish Jasmine . . . . .	<i>Sensuality.</i>
Spearmint . . . . .	<i>Warmth of sentiment.</i>
Speedwell . . . . .	<i>Female fidelity.</i>
Speedwell, Germander . . . . .	<i>Facility.</i>
Speedwell, Spiked . . . . .	<i>Semblance.</i>
Spider-ophrys . . . . .	<i>Adroitness.</i>

Spiderwort . . . . .	Esteem, not love.
Spiked Willow-herb . . . . .	Pretension. [my heart.
Spindle-tree . . . . .	Your charms are engraven on
Star of Bethlehem . . . . .	Purity.
Starwort . . . . .	Afterthought.
Starwort, American . . . . .	Cheerfulness in old age.
Stephanotis . . . . .	Will you accompany me to the
St. John's Wort . . . . .	Superstition. [East?
Stock . . . . .	Lasting beauty.
Stock, Ten-week . . . . .	Promptness.
Stonecrop . . . . .	Tranquillity.
Straw (broken) . . . . .	Rupture of a contract.
Straw (whole) . . . . .	Union.
Strawberry-blossoms . . . . .	Foresight.
Strawberry-tree . . . . .	Esteem, not love.
Sultan, Lilac . . . . .	I forgive you.
Sultan, White . . . . .	Sweetness.
Sultan, Yellow . . . . .	Contempt.
Sumach, Venice . . . . .	Splendor.
Sunflower, Dwarf . . . . .	Adoration.
Sunflower, Tall . . . . .	Haughtiness. False riches.
Swallow-wort . . . . .	Cure for heartache.
Sweet Basil . . . . .	Good wishes.
Sweetbrier, American . . . . .	Simplicity.
Sweetbrier, European . . . . .	I wound to heal.
Sweetbrier, Yellow . . . . .	Decrease of love.
Sweet Pea . . . . .	Delicate pleasures.
Sweet Sultan . . . . .	Felicity.
Sweet Sedge . . . . .	Resignation.
Sweet-william . . . . .	Gallantry. Dexterity.
Sycamore . . . . .	Curiosity.
Syringa . . . . .	Memory. Fraternal sympathy.
Syringa, Carolina . . . . .	Disappointment.
Tamarisk . . . . .	Crime.
Tansy, Wild . . . . .	I declare war against you.
Tassel . . . . .	Misanthropy.
Tendrils of Climbing-plants . . . . .	Ties.
Thistle, Common . . . . .	Austerity. Independence.
Thistle, Fuller's . . . . .	Misanthropy.
Thistle, Scotch . . . . .	Retaliation.
Thornapple . . . . .	Deceitful charms.
Thorn, Branch of . . . . .	Severity.
Thrift . . . . .	Sympathy.
Throatwort . . . . .	Neglected beauty.
Thyme . . . . .	Activity, or Courage.
Tiger-flower . . . . .	For once may pride befriend me
Traveler's joy . . . . .	Safety.
Tree of Life . . . . .	Old age.
Trefoil . . . . .	Revenge..

Tremella Nestoe .....	<i>Resistance.</i>
Trillium Pictum.....	<i>Modest beauty.</i>
Triptilion Spinosum .....	<i>Be prudent.</i>
Truffle .....	<i>Surprise.</i>
Trumpet-flower .....	<i>Fame.</i>
Tuberose .....	<i>Dangerous pleasures.</i>
Tulip, Red .....	<i>Declaration of love.</i>
Tulip, Variegated .....	<i>Beautiful eyes.</i>
Tulip, Yellow .....	<i>Hopeless love.</i>
Tulip .....	<i>Charity.</i>
Tumilage, Sweet-scented .....	<i>Justice shall be done you.</i>
Valerian .....	<i>An accommodating disposition.</i>
Valerian, Greek .....	<i>Rupture.</i>
Venice Sumach .....	<i>Intellectual excellency.</i>
Venus's Car .....	<i>Splendor.</i>
Venus's Looking-glass .....	<i>Fly with me.</i>
Venus's Trap .....	<i>Flattery.</i>
Verbena, Pink .....	<i>Decit.</i>
Verbena, Scarlet .....	<i>Family union.</i>
Verbena, White .....	<i>Unity.</i>
Vernal-grass .....	<i>Unite against evil; or, Church</i>
Veronica .....	<i>Pray for me.</i>
Veronica Speciosa .....	<i>Poor, but happy.</i>
Vervain .....	<i>Fidelity.</i>
Vine .....	<i>Keep this for my sake.</i>
Violet, Blue .....	<i>Enchantment.</i>
Violet, Dame .....	<i>Intoxication.</i>
Violet, Sweet .....	<i>Faithfulness.</i>
Violet, Yellow .....	<i>Watchfulness.</i>
Virginia Creeper .....	<i>Modesty.</i>
Virgin's Bower .....	<i>Rural happiness.</i>
Viscaria Oculata .....	<i>[and shade.]</i>
Volkamenia .....	<i>I cling to you both in sunshine</i>
	<i>Filial love.</i>
	<i>Will you dance with me?</i>
	<i>May you be happy.</i>
Wallflower .....	<i>Fidelity in adversity.</i>
Walnut .....	<i>Intellect.</i>
Watcher by the Wayside .....	<i>Stratagem.</i>
Water-lily .....	<i>Never despair.</i>
Watermelon .....	<i>Purity of heart.</i>
Waxplant .....	<i>Bulkiness.</i>
Wheat-stalk .....	<i>Susceptibility.</i>
Whin .....	<i>Lies.</i>
White Flytrap .....	<i>Anger.</i>
White Jasmine .....	<i>Deceit.</i>
White Lily .....	<i>Amiability.</i>
White Mullein .....	<i>Purity and modesty.</i>
White Oak .....	<i>Good-nature.</i>
White Pink .....	<i>Independence.</i>
White Poplar .....	<i>Talent.</i>
	<i>Time.</i>

White Rose (dried) . . . . .	<i>Death preferable to loss of innocence.</i>
Whortleberry . . . . .	<i>Love forsaken.</i>
Willow, Creeping . . . . .	<i>Bravery and humanity.</i>
Willow, French . . . . .	<i>Pretension.</i>
Willow, Herb . . . . .	<i>Freedom.</i>
Willow, Water . . . . .	<i>Mourning.</i>
Willow, Weeping . . . . .	<i>Deception.</i>
Winter Cherry . . . . .	<i>Welcome, fair stranger.</i>
Wisteria . . . . .	<i>A spell.</i>
Witch Hazel . . . . .	<i>Fraternal love.</i>
Woodbine . . . . .	<i>Joy. Maternal tenderness.</i>
Wood Sorrel . . . . .	<i>Absence.</i>
Wormwood . . . . .	
Xanthium . . . . .	<i>Rudeness. Pertinacity.</i>
Xeranthemum . . . . .	<i>Cheerfulness under adversity.</i>
Yew . . . . .	<i>Sorrow.</i>
Zephyr-flower . . . . .	<i>Expectation.</i>
Zinnia . . . . .	<i>Thoughts of absent friends.</i>

## PART THE SECOND.

Absence . . . . .	<i>Wormwood.</i>
Abuse not . . . . .	<i>Crocus.</i>
Acknowledgment . . . . .	<i>Canterbury-bell.</i>
Activity, or Courage . . . . .	<i>Thyme.</i>
A deadly foe is near . . . . .	<i>Monkshood.</i>
Admiration . . . . .	<i>Amethyst.</i>
Adoration . . . . .	<i>Dwarf Sunflower.</i>
Adroitness . . . . .	<i>Spider-ophrys.</i>
Adulation . . . . .	<i>Cacalia.</i>
Advice . . . . .	<i>Rhubarb.</i>
Affection . . . . .	<i>Mossy Saxifrage.</i>
Affection . . . . .	<i>Pear.</i>
Affection . . . . .	<i>Sorrel.</i>
Affection beyond the grave . . . . .	<i>Green Locust.</i>
Affection, Maternal . . . . .	<i>Cinquefoil.</i>
Affection . . . . .	<i>Cockscomb Amaranth.</i>
Affection . . . . .	<i>Morning-glory.</i>
Affliction . . . . .	<i>Black Poplar.</i>
Afterthought . . . . .	<i>Michaelmas Daisy.</i>
Afterthought . . . . .	<i>Starwort.</i>
Afterthought . . . . .	<i>China Aster.</i>
Agreement . . . . .	<i>Straw.</i>
Age . . . . .	<i>Gelder Rose.</i>
Agitation . . . . .	<i>Moving-plant.</i>
Agitation . . . . .	<i>Sainfoin.</i>

Alas! for my poor heart . . . . .	Deep-red Carnation.
Always cheerful . . . . .	Coreopsis.
Always delightful . . . . .	Cineraria.
Always lovely . . . . .	Indian Pink ( <i>double</i> ).
Ambassador of Love . . . . .	Cabbage Rose.
Amiability . . . . .	Jasmine.
Anger . . . . .	Whin.
Anger . . . . .	Furze.
Animosity . . . . .	St. John's Wort.
Anticipation . . . . .	Gooseberry.
Anxious and trembling . . . . .	Reel Columbine.
Ardor, Zeal . . . . .	Cuckoo-point. Arum.
Argument . . . . .	Fig.
Arts . . . . .	Acanthus.
Artifice . . . . .	Clematis.
Assiduous to please . . . . .	Sprig of ivy, with tendrils.
Assignment . . . . .	Pimpernel.
Attachment . . . . .	Indian Jasmine.
Audacity . . . . .	Larch.
Avarice . . . . .	Scarlet Auricula.
Aversion . . . . .	Chinese or Indian Pink.
Bantering . . . . .	Southernwood.
Baseness . . . . .	Dodder.
Bashfulness . . . . .	Peony.
Bashful shame . . . . .	Deep-red Rose.
Be prudent . . . . .	Triptilion Spinosum.
Be warned in time . . . . .	Echites Atropurpurea.
Beautiful eyes . . . . .	Variegated Tulip.
Beauty . . . . .	Particolored Daisy.
Beauty always new . . . . .	China Rose.
Beauty, Capricious . . . . .	Lady's-slipper.
Beauty, Capricious . . . . .	Musk-rose.
Beauty, Delicate . . . . .	Flower of an hour.
Beauty, Delicate . . . . .	Hibiscus.
Beauty, Divine . . . . .	American Cowslip.
Beauty, Glorious . . . . .	Glory-flower.
Beauty, Lasting . . . . .	Stock.
Beauty, Magnificent . . . . .	Calla Althepica.
Beauty, Mental . . . . .	Clematis.
Beauty, Modest . . . . .	Trillium Pictum.
Beauty, Neglected . . . . .	Throatwort.
Beauty, Pensive . . . . .	Laburnum.
Beauty, Rustic . . . . .	French Honeysuckle.
Beauty, Unconscious . . . . .	Burgundy Rose.
Beauty is your only attraction	Japan Rose.
Belle . . . . .	Orchis.
Be mine . . . . .	Four-leaved Clover.
Beneficence . . . . .	Marshmallow.
Benevolence . . . . .	Potato.

## THE VOCABULARY.

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Betrayed . . . . .	<i>White Catchfly.</i>
Beware . . . . .	<i>Oleander.</i>
Beware . . . . .	<i>Rosebay.</i>
Beware of a false friend . . . . .	<i>Francisea Latifolia.</i>
Bitterness . . . . .	<i>Aloe.</i>
Blackness . . . . .	<i>Ebony-tree.</i>
Bluntness . . . . .	<i>Borage.</i>
Blushes . . . . .	<i>Marjoram.</i>
Boaster . . . . .	<i>Hydrangea.</i>
Boldness . . . . .	<i>Pink.</i>
Bonds . . . . .	<i>Convolvulus.</i>
Bonds of affection . . . . .	<i>Gillyflower.</i>
Bravery . . . . .	<i>Oak-leaves.</i>
Bravery and humanity . . . . .	<i>French Willow.</i>
Bridal favor . . . . .	<i>Ivy-geranium.</i>
Brilliant complexion . . . . .	<i>Damask Rose.</i>
Bulk . . . . .	<i>Watermelon.</i>
Bulk . . . . .	<i>Gourd.</i>
Busybody . . . . .	<i>Quamoclit.</i>
Bury me amid Nature's beauties . . . . .	<i>Persimmon.</i>

Call me not beautiful . . . . .	<i>Rose Unique.</i>
Calm repose . . . . .	<i>Buckbean.</i>
Calumny . . . . .	<i>Hellebore.</i>
Calumny . . . . .	<i>Madder.</i>
Change . . . . .	<i>Pimpornel.</i>
Changeable disposition . . . . .	<i>Rye-grass.</i>
Charity . . . . .	<i>Turnip.</i>
Charming . . . . .	<i>Cluster of Musk-roses.</i>
Charms, Deceitful . . . . .	<i>Thorn-apple.</i>
Cheerfulness . . . . .	<i>Saffron Crocus.</i>
Cheerfulness in old age . . . . .	<i>American Starwort.</i>
Cheerfulness under adversity, . . . . .	<i>Chinese Crysanthemum.</i>
Chivalry . . . . .	<i>Monkshood.</i>
Cleanliness . . . . .	<i>Hyssop.</i>
Cold-heartedness . . . . .	<i>Lettuce.</i>
Coldness . . . . .	<i>Agnes Castus.</i>
Color of my life . . . . .	<i>Coral Honeysuckle.</i>
Come down . . . . .	<i>Jacob's Ladder.</i>
Comfort . . . . .	<i>Pear-tree.</i>
Comforting . . . . .	<i>Scarlet Geranium.</i>
Compassion . . . . .	<i>Allspice.</i>
Concealed love . . . . .	<i>Motherwort.</i>
Concert . . . . .	<i>Nettle-tece.</i>
Concord . . . . .	<i>Lote-tree.</i>
Confession of love . . . . .	<i>Moss Rosebud.</i>
Confidence . . . . .	<i>Hepatica.</i>
Confidence . . . . .	<i>Lilac Polyanthus.</i>
Confidence . . . . .	<i>Liverwort.</i>
Confidence in Heaven . . . . .	<i>Flowering Reed.</i>

## FLORAL POESY.

Conjugal love .....	Lime or Linden Tree.
Consolation .....	Red Poppy.
Constancy .....	Bluebell.
Consumed by love .....	Syrian Mallow.
Contentment .....	Hoyabella.
Could you bear poverty ?	Browallia Jamisonii.
Counterfeit .....	Mock-orange.
Courage .....	Black Poplar.
Crime .....	Tamarisk.
Cure .....	Balm-of-Gilead.
Cure for heartache .....	Swallow-wort.
Curiosity .....	Sycamore.
Danger .....	Rhododendron. Rosebay.
Dangerous pleasures .....	Tuberose.
Death .....	Cypress.
Death preferable to loss of innocence .....	{ White Rose (dried).
Deceit .....	Apocynum.
Deceit .....	White Flytrap.
Deceit .....	Dogsbane.
Deceit .....	Geranium.
Deceitful charms .....	Thorn-apple.
Deception .....	White Cherry-tree.
Declaration of love .....	Red Tulip.
Decrease of love .....	Yellow Rose.
Deformed .....	Begonia.
Dejection .....	Lichen.
Delay .....	Eupatorium.
Delicacy .....	Bluebottle. Centaury.
Delicacy .....	Cornflower.
Depart .....	Dandelion-seeds in the ball.
Desire to please .....	Mezereon.
Despair .....	Cypress.
Despair not, God is everywhere,	White Julianne.
Despondency .....	Humble-plant.
Devotion, or, I turn to thee.	Peruvian Heliotrope.
Dexterity .....	Sweet-William.
Difficulty .....	Blackthorn.
Dignity .....	Cloves.
Dignity .....	Laurel-leaved Magnolia.
Disappointment .....	Carolina Syringa.
Disdain .....	Yellow Carnation.
Disdain .....	Rue.
Disgust .....	Frog-ophrys.
Dissension .....	Pride of China.
Distinctness .....	Cardinal-flower.
Distrust .....	Lavender.
Divine beauty .....	American Cowslip.
Docility .....	Rush.

Domestic industry .....	Flax.
Domestic virtue .....	Sage.
Do not despise my poverty .....	Shepherd's Purse.
Do not refuse me .....	Eschscholzia, or Carrot-flower.
Doubt .....	Apricot-blossom.
Durability .....	Dogwood.
Duration .....	Cornel-tree.
Early attachment .....	Thornless Rose.
Early friendship .....	Blue Periwinkle.
Early youth .....	Primrose.
Elegance .....	Locust-tree.
Elegance and grace .....	Yellow Jasmine.
Elevation .....	Scotch Fir.
Eloquence .....	Lagerstroemia, Indian.
Enchantment .....	Holly Herb.
Enchantment .....	Vervain.
Energy .....	Red Salvia.
Energy in adversity .....	Camomile.
Envy .....	Bramble.
Error .....	Bee-orchis.
Error .....	Fly-orchis.
Esteem .....	Garden Sage.
Esteem, not love .....	Spiderwort.
Esteem, not love .....	Strawberry-tree.
Estranged love .....	Lotus-flower.
Excellence .....	Camellia-Japonica.
Expectation .....	Anemone.
Expectation .....	Zephyr-flower.
Expected meeting .....	Nutmeg-geranium.
Extent .....	Gourd.
Extinguished hopes .....	Convolvulus-major.
Facility .....	Germander Speedwell.
Fairies' fire .....	Pyrus-japonica.
Faithfulness .....	Blue Violet.
Faithfulness .....	Heliotrope.
Falsehood .....	Bugloss. Deadly Nightshade.
Falsehood .....	Yellow Lily.
Falsehood .....	Manchineal-tree.
False riches .....	Tall Sunflower.
Fame .....	Tulip.
Fame speaks him great and good .....	Apple-blossom.
Family union .....	Pink Verbena.
Fantastic extravagance .....	Scarlet Poppy.
Farewell .....	Michaelmas Daisy.
Fascination .....	Fern.
Fascination .....	Honesty.
Fashion .....	Queen's Rocket.
Fecundity .....	Hollyhock.

Felicity . . . . .	Sweet Sultan.
Female fidelity . . . . .	Speedwell.
Festivity . . . . .	Parsley.
Fickleness . . . . .	Abatina.
Fickleness . . . . .	Pink Larkspur.
Filial love . . . . .	Virgin's-bower.
Fidelity . . . . .	Veronica. Ivy.
Fidelity . . . . .	Plum-tree.
Fidelity in adversity . . . . .	Wall-flower.
Fidelity in love . . . . .	Lemon-blossoms.
Fire . . . . .	Fleur-de-luce.
First emotions of love . . . . .	Purple Lilac.
Flame . . . . .	Flew-de-lis. Iris.
Flattery . . . . .	Venus's Looking-glass.
Flee away . . . . .	Pennyroyal.
Fly with me . . . . .	Venus's Car.
Folly . . . . .	Columbine.
Poppy . . . . .	Cockscomb. Amaranth.
Foolishness . . . . .	Pomegranate.
Foresight . . . . .	Holly.
Forgetfulness . . . . .	Moonwort.
Forget-me-not . . . . .	Forget-me-not.
For once may pride befriend me . . . . .	Tiger-flower.
Forsaken . . . . .	Garden Anemone.
Forsaken . . . . .	Laburnum.
Fortitude . . . . .	Dipteracanthus Spectabilis.
Fragrance . . . . .	Camphire.
Frankness . . . . .	Osier.
Fraternal love . . . . .	Woodbine.
Fraternal sympathy . . . . .	Syringa.
Freedom . . . . .	Water-willow.
Freshness . . . . .	Damask Rose.
Friendship . . . . .	Acacia. Ivy.
Friendship, early . . . . .	Blue Periwinkle.
Friendship, true . . . . .	Oak-leaved Geranium.
Friendship, unchanging . . . . .	Arbor-vite.
Frivolity . . . . .	London Pride.
Frugality . . . . .	Chicory. Endive.
Gayety . . . . .	Butterfly Orchts.
Gayety . . . . .	Yellow Lily.
Gallantry . . . . .	Sweet William.
Generosity . . . . .	Orange-tree.
Generous and devoted affection . . . . .	French Honeysuckle.
Genius . . . . .	Plane-tree.
Gentility . . . . .	Corncockle.
Girlhood . . . . .	White Rosebush.
Give me your good wishes . . . . .	Sweet Basil.
Gladness . . . . .	Myrrh.
Glory . . . . .	Laurel.

Glory. Immortality . . . . .	Daphne.
Glorious beauty . . . . .	Glory-flower.
Goodness . . . . .	Bonus Henricus.
Goodness . . . . .	Mercury.
Good education . . . . .	Cherry-tree.
Good wishes . . . . .	Sweet Basil.
Good-nature . . . . .	White Mullein.
Gossip . . . . .	Cobaea.
Grace . . . . .	Multiflora Rose.
Grace and elegance . . . . .	Yellow Jasmine.
Grandeur . . . . .	Ash-tree.
Gratitude . . . . .	Small White Bellflower.
Grief . . . . .	Harebell.
Grief . . . . .	Marigold.
Happy love . . . . .	Bridal Rose.
Hatred . . . . .	Basil.
Haughtiness . . . . .	Purple Larkspur.
Haughtiness . . . . .	Tall Sunflower.
Health . . . . .	Iceland Moss.
Hermitage . . . . .	Milkwort.
Hidden worth . . . . .	Coriander.
High-bred . . . . .	Penstemon Azureum.
Holy wishes . . . . .	Plumbago Larpentia.
Honesty . . . . .	Honesty.
Hope . . . . .	Flowering Almond.
Hope . . . . .	Hawthorn.
Hope . . . . .	Snowdrop.
Hope in adversity . . . . .	Spruce Pine.
Hopeless love . . . . .	Yellow Tulip.
Hopeless, not heartless . . . . .	Lone-lies-bleeding.
Horror . . . . .	Mandrake.
Horror . . . . .	Dragon'swart.
Horror . . . . .	Snakesfoot.
Hospitality . . . . .	Oak-tree.
Humility . . . . .	Broom.
Humility . . . . .	Smaller Bindweed.
Humility . . . . .	Field Lilac.
I am too happy . . . . .	Cape Jasmine.
I am your captive . . . . .	Peach-blossom.
I am worthy of you . . . . .	White Rose.
I change but in death . . . . .	Bay-leaf.
I claim at least your esteem . . . . .	Potentilla.
I dare not . . . . .	Veronica Speciosa.
I declare against you . . . . .	Belvedere.
I declare against you . . . . .	Liquorice.
I declare war against you . . . . .	Wild Tansy.
I die if neglected . . . . .	Laurestina.
I desire a return of affection . . . . .	Jonquil.

I feel my obligations .....	<i>Lint.</i>
I feel your kindness .....	<i>Flax.</i>
I have lost all .....	<i>Mourning Bride.</i>
I live for thee .....	<i>Cedar-leaf.</i>
I love .....	<i>Red Crysanthemum.</i>
I offer you my all .....	<i>Shepherd's Purse.</i>
I offer you my fortune, or I offer you pecuniary aid .....	<i>Calceolaria.</i>
I share your sentiments .....	<i>Double China-aster.</i>
I share your sentiments .....	<i>Garden Daisy.</i>
I shall die to-morrow .....	<i>Gum-cistus.</i>
I shall not survive you .....	<i>Black Mulberry.</i>
I surmount difficulties .....	<i>Mistletoe.</i>
I watch over you .....	<i>Mountain-ash.</i>
I weep for you .....	<i>Purple Verbena.</i>
I will think of it .....	<i>Single China-aster.</i>
I will think of it, or hope .....	<i>Wild Daisy.</i>
I wound to heal .....	<i>Eglantine, Sweetbrier.</i>
If you love me, you will find out .....	<i>Maidenblush Rose.</i>
Idleness .....	<i>Mesembryanthemum.</i>
Ill-nature .....	<i>Crab-blossom.</i>
Ill-natured beauty .....	<i>Citron.</i>
Imagination .....	<i>Lupine.</i>
Immortality .....	<i>Globe Amaranth.</i>
Impatience .....	<i>Yellow Balsam.</i>
Impatient of absence .....	<i>Cochchorus.</i>
Impatient resolves .....	<i>Red Balsam.</i>
Imperfection .....	<i>Henbane.</i>
Importunity .....	<i>Burdock.</i>
Inconstancy .....	<i>Evening Primrose.</i>
Incorruptible .....	<i>Cedar of Lebanon.</i>
Independence .....	<i>Common Thistle.</i>
Independence .....	<i>Wild Plum-tree.</i>
Independence .....	<i>White Oak.</i>
Indifference .....	<i>Ever-flowering Candytuft.</i>
Indifference .....	<i>Mustard-seed.</i>
Indifference .....	<i>Pigeon-berry.</i>
Indifference .....	<i>Savory.</i>
Indiscretion .....	<i>Split Reed.</i>
Indolence .....	<i>Mitraria Coccinea.</i>
Industry .....	<i>Red Clover.</i>
Industry, Domestic .....	<i>Flax.</i>
Ingeniousness .....	<i>White Pink.</i>
Ingenuity .....	<i>Penciled Geranium.</i>
Ingenuous simplicity .....	<i>Mouse-eared Chickweed.</i>
Ingratitude .....	<i>Cronfoot.</i>
Innocence .....	<i>Daisy.</i>
Insincerity .....	<i>Foxglove.</i>
Insinuation .....	<i>Great Bindweed.</i>
Inspiration .....	<i>Angelica.</i>

Instability .....	Dahlia.
Intellect .....	Walnut.
Intoxication .....	Vine.
Irony .....	Sardonyx.
Jealousy .....	French Marigold.
Jealousy .....	Yellow Rose.
Jest .....	Southernwood.
Joy .....	Wood-sorrel.
Joys to come .....	Lesser Celandine.
Justice .....	Rudbeckia.
Justice shall be done to you .....	Collsfoot, or Tussilage.
Keep your promise .....	Petunia.
Kindness .....	Scarlet Geranium.
Knight-errantry .....	Helmet-flower, or Monkshood
Lamentation .....	Aspen-tree.
Lasting beauty .....	Sock.
Lasting pleasures .....	Everlasting Pea.
Let me go .....	Butterfly-weed.
Levity .....	Larkspur.
Liberty .....	Live-oak.
Life .....	Lucerne.
Light-heartedness .....	Shamrock.
Lightness .....	Larkspur.
Live for me .....	Arbor-vitæ.
Love .....	Myrtle.
Love .....	Rose.
Love, forsaken .....	Creeping-willow.
Lone, returned .....	Ambrosia.
Love is dangerous .....	Carolina Rose.
Love for all seasons .....	Furze.
Luster .....	Aconite-leaved Crowfoot.
Luxury .....	Chestnut-tree.
Magnificence .....	Magnolia.
Magnificent beauty .....	Calla <i>Ethiopica</i> .
Majesty .....	Crown Imperial.
Make haste .....	Dianthus.
Malevolence .....	Lobelia.
Marriage .....	Ivy.
Maternal affection .....	Cinquefoil.
Maternal love .....	Moss.
Maternal tenderness .....	Wood-sorrel.
Matrimony .....	American Linden.
Matronly grace .....	Cattleya.
Mature charms .....	Cattleya <i>Pinell</i> .
May you be happy .....	Volkameria.
Meanness .....	Cuscula.

Meekness .....	<i>E</i> irch.
Melancholy .....	<i>Autumnal Leaves.</i>
Melancholy .....	<i>Dark Geranium,</i>
Melancholy .....	<i>Dead Leaves.</i>
Mental beauty .....	<i>Clematis.</i>
Mental beauty .....	<i>Kewredia.</i>
Message .....	<i>Iris.</i>
Mildness .....	<i>Mallow.</i>
Mirth .....	<i>Saffron Crocus.</i>
Misanthropy .....	<i>Aconite (Wolfsbane).</i>
Misanthropy .....	<i>Fuller's Teazie.</i>
Modest beauty .....	<i>Trillium Pictum.</i>
Modest genius .....	<i>Creeping Cercus.</i>
Modesty .....	<i>Violet.</i>
Modesty and purity .....	<i>White Lily.</i>
Momentary happiness .....	<i>Virginia Spiderwort.</i>
Mourning .....	<i>Weeping Willow.</i>
Music .....	<i>Bunch of Reeds, with panicles.</i>
My best days are past .....	<i>Colchicum, or Meadow Saffron.</i>
My regrets follow you to the grave .....	<i>Asphodel.</i>
Neatness .....	<i>Broom.</i>
Neglected beauty .....	<i>Throatwort.</i>
Never-ceasing remembrance .....	<i>Everlasting.</i>
Never despair .....	<i>Watcher-by-the-wayside.</i>
No .....	<i>Snapdragon.</i>
Old age .....	<i>Tree-of-life.</i>
Only deserve my love .....	<i>Rose-campion.</i>
Painful recollections .....	<i>Flos-adonis.</i>
Painting .....	<i>Auricula.</i>
Painting the lily .....	<i>Daphne-odora.</i>
Passion .....	<i>White Dittany.</i>
Paternal error .....	<i>Cardamine.</i>
Patience .....	<i>Dock. Oxeye.</i>
Patriotism .....	<i>American Elm.</i>
Patriotism .....	<i>Nasturtium.</i>
Pease .....	<i>Olive.</i>
Perfected loveliness .....	<i>White Camellia-japonica.</i>
Perfidy .....	<i>Common Laurel, in flower.</i>
Pensive beauty .....	<i>Laurus.</i>
Perplexity .....	<i>Love-in-a-mist.</i>
Persecution .....	<i>Checkered Fritillary.</i>
Perseverance .....	<i>Swamp Magnolia.</i>
Persuasion .....	<i>Althea. Frutes.</i>
Persuasion .....	<i>Syrrian Mallow.</i>
Pertinacity .....	<i>Cotbur.</i>
Pity .....	<i>Pine. Also, Andromeda.</i>

Pleasure and pain . . . . .	Dogrose.
Pleasure, lasting . . . . .	Everlasting Pea.
Pleasures of memory . . . . .	White Periwinkle.
Pomp . . . . .	Dahlia.
Popular favor . . . . .	Cistus, or Rock-rose
Poverty . . . . .	Evergreen Clematis.
Power . . . . .	Imperial Montague.
Power . . . . .	Cress.
Pray for me . . . . .	White Verbena.
Precaution . . . . .	Golden-rod.
Prediction . . . . .	Prophetic Marigold.
Pretension . . . . .	Spiked Willow-herb.
Pride . . . . .	Hundred-leaved Rose.
Pride . . . . .	Amaryllis.
Frivion . . . . .	Indian Plum.
Privation . . . . .	Myrobalan.
Profit . . . . .	Cabbage.
Prohibition . . . . .	Trivet.
Prolific . . . . .	Fig-tree.
Promptness . . . . .	Ten-week Stock.
Prosperity . . . . .	Beech-tree.
Protection . . . . .	Bearded Crepis.
Prudence . . . . .	Mountain Ash.
Pure love . . . . .	Single Red Pink.
Pure and ardent love . . . . .	Double Red Pink.
Pure and lovely . . . . .	Red Rosebud.
Purity . . . . .	Star of Bethlehem.
Quarrel . . . . .	Broken Corn-straw.
Quicksightedness . . . . .	Hawkweed.
Ready-armed . . . . .	Gladioli.
Reason . . . . .	Goat's-rue.
Recantation . . . . .	Lotus-leaf.
Recall . . . . .	Silver-leaved Geranium.
Reconciliation . . . . .	Filbert.
Reconciliation . . . . .	Hazel.
Refinement . . . . .	Gardenia.
Refusal . . . . .	Striped Carnation.
Regard . . . . .	Daffodil.
Regret . . . . .	Purple Verbena.
Relief . . . . .	Balm-of-gilead.
Relieve my anxiety . . . . .	Christmas Rose.
Religious superstition . . . . .	Aloe.
Religious superstition, or Faith . . . . .	Passion-flower.
Religious enthusiasm . . . . .	Schinus.
Remembrance . . . . .	Rosemary.
Remorse . . . . .	Bramble.
Remorse . . . . .	Raspberry.
Rendezvous . . . . .	Chickweed.

Reserve . . . . .	Maple.
Resistance . . . . .	<i>Tremilla-nestoc.</i>
Resolved to be noticed . . . . .	<i>Siphocampylos.</i>
Restoration . . . . .	<i>Persicaria.</i>
Retaliation . . . . .	<i>Scotch Thistle.</i>
Return of happiness . . . . .	<i>Lily-of-the-valley.</i>
Revenge . . . . .	<i>Birdsfoot Trefoil.</i>
Reverie . . . . .	<i>Flowering Fern.</i>
Reward of merit . . . . .	<i>Bay Wreath.</i>
Reward of virtue . . . . .	<i>Garland of Roses.</i>
Riches . . . . .	<i>Corn.</i>
Riches . . . . .	<i>Buttercups.</i>
Rigor . . . . .	<i>Lantana.</i>
Rivalry . . . . .	<i>Rocket.</i>
Rudeness . . . . .	<i>Clotbur.</i>
Rudeness . . . . .	<i>Xanthium.</i>
Rural happiness . . . . .	<i>Yellow Violet.</i>
Rustic beauty . . . . .	<i>French Honeysuckle.</i>
Rustic oracle . . . . .	<i>Dandelion.</i>

Sadness . . . . .	<i>Dead Leaves.</i>
Safety . . . . .	<i>Traveler's Joy.</i>
Satire . . . . .	<i>Prickly Pear.</i>
Sculpture . . . . .	<i>Hoya.</i>
Secret love . . . . .	<i>Yellow Acacia.</i>
Semblance . . . . .	<i>Spiked Speedwell.</i>
Sensitiveness . . . . .	<i>Mimosa.</i>
Sensuality . . . . .	<i>Spanish Jasmine.</i>
Separation . . . . .	<i>Carolina Jasmine.</i>
Severity . . . . .	<i>Branch of Thorns.</i>
Shame . . . . .	<i>Peony.</i>
Sharpness . . . . .	<i>Barberry-tree.</i>
Sickness . . . . .	<i>Anemone (Zephyr-flower).</i>
Silent love . . . . .	<i>Evening Primrose.</i>
Silliness . . . . .	<i>Fool's Parsley.</i>
Simplicity . . . . .	<i>American Sweetbrier.</i>
Sincerity . . . . .	<i>Garden Chervil.</i>
Slighted love . . . . .	<i>Yellow Crysanthemum.</i>
Snare . . . . .	<i>Catchfly. Dragon-plant.</i>
Solitude . . . . .	<i>Heath.</i>
Soon . . . . .	<i>Blackthorn.</i>
Sorrow . . . . .	<i>Yew.</i>
Sourness of temper . . . . .	<i>Barberry.</i>
Speak out . . . . .	<i>Oxlip.</i>
Spell . . . . .	<i>Circea.</i>
Spleen . . . . .	<i>Fumitory.</i>
Splendid beauty . . . . .	<i>Amaryllis.</i>
Splendor . . . . .	<i>Yellow Auricula.</i>
Sporting . . . . .	<i>Festail-grass.</i>
Steadfast piety . . . . .	<i>Wild Geranium.</i>

Stoicism . . . . .	Box-tree.
Strength . . . . .	Cedar. Fennel.
Stupidity . . . . .	Horseshoe-leaf Geranium.
Submission . . . . .	Grass.
Submission . . . . .	Harebell.
Success everywhere . . . . .	Nemophila.
Success crown your wishes . . . . .	Coronella.
Succor . . . . .	Juniper.
Such worth is rare . . . . .	Achimenes.
Sunbeaming eyes . . . . .	Scarlet Lychnis.
Superstition . . . . .	St. John's Wort.
Surprise . . . . .	Truffle.
Susceptibility . . . . .	Wax-plant.
Suspicion . . . . .	Champignon.
Sympathy . . . . .	Balm.
Sympathy . . . . .	Thrift.
Talent . . . . .	White Pink.
Tardiness . . . . .	Flax-leaved Golden-locks.
Taste . . . . .	Scarlet Fuchsia.
Tears . . . . .	Helenium.
Temperance . . . . .	Azalea.
Temptation . . . . .	Apple.
Thankfulness . . . . .	Agrimony.
The color of my fate . . . . .	Coral Honeysuckle.
The heart's mystery . . . . .	Crimson Polyanthus.
The perfection of female loveliness . . . . .	{ Justicia.
The witching soul of music . . . . .	Oats.
The variety of your conver- sation delights me . . . . .	{ Clarkia.
Thee only do I love . . . . .	Arbutus.
There is no unalloyed good . . . . .	Lapageria Rosea.
Thoughts . . . . .	Pansy.
Thoughts of absent friends . . . . .	Zinnia.
Thy frown will kill me . . . . .	Currant.
Thy smile I aspire to . . . . .	Daily Rose.
Ties . . . . .	Tendrils of Climbing Plants.
Timidity . . . . .	Anaryllis.
Timidity . . . . .	Marrel of Peru.
Time . . . . .	White Poplar.
Tranquillity . . . . .	Mudwort.
Tranquillity . . . . .	Stonecrop.
Tranquilize my anxiety . . . . .	Christmas Rose.
Transient beauty . . . . .	Night-blooming Cereus.
Transient impressions . . . . .	Withered White Rose.
Transport of joy . . . . .	Cape Jasmine.
Treachery . . . . .	Bilberry.
True love . . . . .	Forget-me-not.
True friendship . . . . .	Oak-leaved Geranium.

Truth . . . . .	<i>Bittersweet Nightshade.</i> <i>White Crysanthemum.</i>
Unanimity . . . . .	<i>Phlox.</i>
Unbelief . . . . .	<i>Judas-tree.</i>
Unceasing remembrance . . . . .	<i>American Cudweed.</i>
Unchanging friendship . . . . .	<i>Arbov-vite.</i>
Unconscious beauty . . . . .	<i>Burgundy Rose.</i>
Unexpected meeting . . . . .	<i>Lemon Geranium.</i>
Unfortunate attachment . . . . .	<i>Mourning Bride.</i>
Unfortunate love . . . . .	<i>Scabious.</i>
Union . . . . .	<i>Whole Straw.</i>
Unity . . . . .	<i>White and Red Rose together.</i>
Unite against a common foe . . . . .	<i>Scarlet Verbena.</i>
Unpatronized merit . . . . .	<i>Red Primrose.</i>
Unrequited love . . . . .	<i>Daffodil.</i>
Uprightness . . . . .	<i>Imbricata.</i>
Uselessness . . . . .	<i>Meadowsweet.</i>
Utility . . . . .	<i>Grass.</i>
Variety . . . . .	<i>China Aster.</i>
Variety . . . . .	<i>Rosa-mundi.</i>
Vice . . . . .	<i>Darnel (Raygrass).</i>
Victory . . . . .	<i>Palm.</i>
Virtue . . . . .	<i>Mint.</i>
Virtue, Domestic . . . . .	<i>Sage.</i>
Volubility . . . . .	<i>Abecedary.</i>
Voraciousness . . . . .	<i>Lupine.</i>
Vulgar minds . . . . .	<i>African Marigold.</i>
War . . . . .	<i>York and Lancaster Rose.</i>
War . . . . .	<i>Achillea Millefolia.</i>
Warlike trophy . . . . .	<i>Indian Cress.</i>
Warmth of feeling . . . . .	<i>Peppermint.</i>
Watchfulness . . . . .	<i>Dame Violet.</i>
Weakness . . . . .	<i>Moschated.</i>
Weakness . . . . .	<i>Mush-plant.</i>
Welcome, fair stranger . . . . .	<i>Wisteria.</i>
Welcome to a stranger . . . . .	<i>American Starwort.</i>
Widowhood . . . . .	<i>Sweet Scabious.</i>
Will you accompany me to the East? . . . . .	<i>Stephanotis.</i>
Will you dance with me? . . . . .	<i>Viscaria-oculata.</i>
Win me and wear me . . . . .	<i>Lady's-slipper.</i>
Winning grace . . . . .	<i>Cowslip.</i>
Winter . . . . .	<i>Gelder-rose.</i>
Wisdom . . . . .	<i>Blue Salvia.</i>
Wit . . . . .	<i>Meadow Lychnis.</i>
Wit, ill-timed . . . . .	<i>Wild Sorrel.</i>
Witchcraft . . . . .	<i>Enchanter's Nightshade.</i>

Worth beyond beauty . . . . .	<i>Sweet Alyssum.</i>
Worth sustained by judicious and tender affection . . . . .	<i>Pink Convolvulus.</i>
Worldliness, self-seeking . . . . .	<i>Cianthus.</i>
Worthy of all praise . . . . .	<i>Fennel.</i>
You are cold . . . . .	<i>Hortensia.</i>
You are my divinity . . . . .	<i>American Cowslip.</i>
You are perfect . . . . .	<i>Pineapple.</i>
You are radiant with charms, . . . . .	<i>Ranunculus.</i>
You are rich in attractions . . . . .	<i>Garden Ranunculus.</i>
You are the queen of coquets . . . . .	<i>Queen's Rocket.</i>
You are charming . . . . .	<i>Leschenaultia Splendens.</i>
You have no claims . . . . .	<i>Pasque-flower.</i>
You have many lovers . . . . .	<i>Chorozema Varium.</i>
You please all . . . . .	<i>Branch of Currants.</i>
You are too bold . . . . .	<i>Diptadenia Crassinoda.</i>
You will be my death . . . . .	<i>Hemlock.</i>
Your charms are engraven on my heart . . . . .	<i>Spindle-tree.</i>
Your looks freeze me . . . . .	<i>Iceplant.</i>
Your presence softens my pain, . . . . .	<i>Milkvetch.</i>
Your purity equals your loveliness . . . . .	<i>Orange-blossoms.</i>
Your qualities, like your charms, are unequaled . . . . .	<i>Peach.</i>
Your qualities surpass your charms . . . . .	<i>Mignonette.</i>
Your temper is too hasty . . . . .	<i>Grammanthes Chlorastrora.</i>
Youthful beauty . . . . .	<i>Cowslip.</i>
Youthful innocence . . . . .	<i>White Lilac.</i>
Youthful love . . . . .	<i>Red Catchfly.</i>
Your whims are unbearable . . . . .	<i>Monarda Amplexicaulis.</i>
Zealousness . . . . .	<i>Elder.</i>
Zest . . . . .	<i>Lemon.</i>







## FLORAL POESY.

### INTRODUCTION.



THE most charming of all gifts is one of flowers. A queen may give them to her subjects; and the poorest subject may offer them to a monarch.

They are the representatives of all times and of all nations,—the pledges of all feelings. The infant plays with them, and gains his first idea of beauty from their blossoms; the lover gives them to his beloved; the bride wears them. We offer them to our beloved dead; dynasties are represented by a flower; nations adopt them as their emblems. Universal is their hold on human sympathies,—universal their language.

Floral Poesy is, therefore, the most appropriate of all presents; and, in giving this title to a language of flowers, and a collection of charming poems on them, we believe we have not been guilty of a misnomer.

Hood, in the following pretty lines, has afforded us an admirable introduction to our poetical Posie:—

Welecome, dear Heart, and a most kind good-morrow;  
The day is gloomy, but our looks shall shine:—  
Flowers I have none to give thee, but I borrow  
Their sweetness in a verse to speak for thine.

Here are red Roses, gathered at thy cheeks,—  
The white were all too happy to look white;  
For love the Rose, for faith the Lily speaks:  
It withers in false hands, but here 'tis bright!

Dost love sweet Hyacinth? Its scented leaf  
 Curls manifold,—all love's delights blow double:  
 'Tis said this floweret is inscribed with grief,—  
 But let that hint of a forgotten trouble.

I plucked the Primrose at night's dewy noon;  
 Like Hope, it showed its blossoms in the night;—  
 'Twas, like Endymion, watching for the Moon!  
 And here are Sunflowers, amorous of light!

These golden Buttercups are April's seal,—  
 The Daisy stars her constellations be:  
 These grew so lowly, I was forced to kneel,  
 Therefore I pluck no Daisies but for thee!

Here's Daisies for the morn, Primrose for gloom,  
 Pansies and Roses for the noontide hours:—  
 A wight once made a dial of their bloom,—  
 So may thy life be measured out by flowers!

Our readers will perceive that the symbolism and language of flowers were not unknown to the poet.  
 Mrs. Browning says truly and charmingly:—

Love's language may be talked with these;  
 To work out choicest sentences,  
 No blossoms can be meeter;  
 And, such being used in Eastern bowers,  
 Young maids may wonder if the flowers  
 Or meanings be the sweeter.

And such being strewn before a bride,  
 Her little foot may turn aside,  
 Their longer bloom decreeing,  
 Unless some voice's whispered sound  
 Should make her gaze upon the ground  
 Too earnestly for seeing.

And such being scattered on a grave,  
 Whoever mourneth there, may have  
 A type which seemeth worthy  
 Of that fair body hid below,  
 Which bloomed on earth a time ago,  
 Then perished as the earthy.

And such being wreathed for worldly feast,  
 Across the brimming cup some guest  
 Their rainbow colors viewing,  
 May feel them, with a silent start,  
 The covenant his childish heart  
 With Nature made,—renewing.

And Leigh Hunt playfully declares:—

An exquisite invention this,  
Worthy of love's most honeyed kiss,  
This art of writing *billet doux*  
In buds and odors, and bright hues;  
In saying all one feels and thinks  
In clever daffodils and pinks,  
Uttering (as well as silence may)  
The sweetest words the sweetest way:  
How fit, too, for the lady's bosom,  
The place where *billet doux* repose 'em.

How charming in some rural spot,  
Combining *love* with *garden* plot,  
At once to cultivate one's flowers,  
And one's epistolary powers,  
Growing one's own choice words and fancies  
In orange-tubs and beds of pansies;  
One's sighs and passionate declarations  
In odorous rhet'rie of carnations;  
Seeing how far one's stocks-will reach;  
Taking due care one's flowers of speech  
To guard from blight as well as baithos,  
And watering every day one's pathos.

A letter comes just gathered; we  
Dote on its tender brilliancy;  
Inhale its delicate expression  
Of balm and pea; and its confession  
Made with as sweet a maiden blush  
As ever morn bedewed in bush;  
And then, when we have kissed its wit,  
And heart, in water putting it,  
To keep its remarks fresh, go round  
Our little eloquent plot of ground,  
And with delighted hands compose  
Our answer, all of lily and rose,  
Of tuberose and of violet,  
And little darling (*mignonette*),  
And gratitude and polyanthus,  
And flowers that say, "Felt never man thus!"

How flowers may be made to hold a conversation,  
Christine Pire tells us in the following dialogue:—

## THE LOVER.

I give to thee the Autumn rose,  
Let it say how dear thou art;  
All my lips dare not disclose,  
Let it whisper to thy heart;  
How love draws my soul to thee,  
Without language thou may'st see.

## THE LADY.

I give to thee the aspen-leaf:  
 'Tis to show I tremble still  
 When I muse on all the grief  
 Love can cause, if false or ill;  
 How, too, many have believed,  
 Trusted long, and been deceived.

## LOVER.

I give to thee a faded wreath,  
 Teaching thee, alas! too well,  
 How I spent my latest breath,  
 Seeking all my truth to tell;  
 But thy coldness made me die  
 Victim of thy cruelty.

## LADY.

I give to thee the honey-flower,  
 Courteous, best, and bravest knight:  
 Fragrant in the summer shower,  
 Shrinking from the sunny light:  
 May it not an emblem prove  
 Of untold, but tender love?

Flowers also are used for divination. All readers of Goethe will remember Marguerite's flower. Our own poet Lowell sends the following pretty lines on the subject, with a pressed flower:—

This little flower from afar,  
 Hath come from other lands to thine;  
 For once its white and drooping star  
 Could see its shadow in the Rhine.

Perchance some fair-haired German maid  
 Hath plucked one from the selfsame stalk,  
 And numbered over, half afraid,  
 Its petals in her evening walk.

"He loves me!—loves me not!" she cries;  
 "He loves me more than earth or heaven!"  
 And then glad tears have filled her eyes  
 To find the number was uneven.

And thou must count its petals well,  
 Because it is a gift from me:  
 And the last one of all shall tell  
 Something I've often told to thee.

But here at home, where we were born  
Thou wilt find flowers just as true,  
Down-bending every Summer morn  
With freshness of New England dew.

For Nature, ever kind to love,  
Hath granted them *the same sweet tongue*,  
Whether with German skies above,  
Or here our granite rocks among.

There is another mode, resembling the Scottish and English superstitions on Hallowe'en and St. Agnes' Eve, by which maidens in Germany seek to dive into futurity. It is by the St. John's-wort. The story is prettily told in these lines, which we transcribe from the "Flora Symbolica":—

The young maid stole through the cottage door,  
And blushed as she sought the plant of power:  
"Thou silver glowworm, oh, lend me thy light,  
I must gather the mystic St. John's-wort to-night;  
The wonderful herb, whose leaf will decide  
If the coming year shall make me a bride!"

And the glowworm came  
With its silvery flame,  
And sparkled and shone  
Thro' the night of St. John;

And soon as the young maid her love-knot tied,  
With noiseless tread

To her chamber she sped,

Where the spectral moon her white beams shed.  
"Bloom here, bloom here, thou plant of power,  
To deck the young bride in her bridal hour!"  
But it dropped its head,—that plant of power,—  
And died the mute death of the voiceless flower;  
And a withered wreath on the ground it lay,

More meet for a burial than bridal day.

And when a year was past away,

All pale on her bier the young maid lay!

And the glowworm came

With its silvery flame,

And sparkled and shone

Thro' the night of St. John;

And they closed the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay.

Games also are made of flowers. In fact, time would fail to tell of all the joy and beauty which

these sweet creations bestow upon humanity. Through life to death they cheer us; and it is not one of the least of our anticipated joys hereafter that we shall dwell amid those flowers of Paradise, of which these earthly blossoms are but faint shadows.

And in these days of utility, when a thing is nothing if not useful, we must remind our readers that the vegetable and floral world holds in it the secret of health to a greater degree, we believe, than is yet dreamt of in our philosophy. They make the air we breathe pure and life-giving. It is a known fact that Lavender and many other flowers supply ozone to the atmosphere; the humble Lichen was one of the ingredients in the dye of imperial purple, for which Tyre and Sidon were famous; and the search for it brought Phoenician commerce to the Irish shores in the days of Ptolemy. Another Lichen, the Rocella tinctoria, afforded the first dye for British broadcloths. The Mosses shared in this utility.

The Dandelion affords the Taraxacum, a valuable medicine. The tubers called "lords and ladies," dear to babyhood, furnish a species of Arrowroot. The tubers of the Orchis afford a similar preparation called salep, a favorite posset with our great-grandmothers.

The Rock Samphire bestows a pickle on our tables; the Red Rose-leaf is an admirable tonic; the Lily-leaf heals a cut; Chamomile is a tonic; the Cowslip affords a wine and a pudding, besides an infant's ball; the Lesser Celadine is still used in medicine for the relief of a painful disease; and who is ignorant of the blessed soothing powers of the Poppy and Henbane? Greek mythology has left a floral record; the Mistletoe, Vervain, and St. John's-wort recall Druidic rites of ancient Britain.

Thus we may give with a bouquet memories of mythology, history, usefulness, beauty, and fragrance; and in modern times we have added to the ancient claims of flowers that of language—a gift bestowed on them by the East, and transplanted thence by one of the most gifted of Englishwomen, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

In our *Floral Gift* we have endeavored to unite all this goodly heritage of flower-land. And with these few lines of introduction, we leave them to their worthy chroniclers—the Poets.



## THE DAISY.

(Innocence.)



“Whose white investments figure innocence.”

*Shak.*

THE flower which, next to the rose, appears to have received the most attention from the poets is the *Daisy*.

Formerly it was termed the “eye of daie,” and under that name Chaucer speaks of it.

According to the classic account, this little flower owed its origin to Belides, one of the dryads, the nymphs who presided over woodlands. It is fabled that whilst this damsel was dancing with her favored suitor, Ephigeus, she attracted the attention of Vertumnus, the guardian deity of orchards; and it was in order to shelter her from his pursuit that she was transformed into *Bellis*, or the daisy—the “day’s eye,” as our old poets call it,—the flower of faithful love, which opens and closes with the sun.

It is called in French *la Marguerite*, or pearl. The unhappy Margaret of Anjou chose it as her device; and when she reigned a beauty and crowned queen, the nobles of England wore wreaths of it, or had it embroidered on their robes.

Marguerite de Valois, the friend of Erasmus and Calvin—the Marguerite of Marguerites—also adopted this flower as her device; and it was certainly more appropriate to the princess who withdrew from the glitter of courts to study her Bible than to the ambitious Lancastrian queen of England.



## TO THE DAISY.

Bright flower! whose home is everywhere,  
Bold in maternal Nature's care,  
And all the long year through the heir

Of joy or sorrow;

Methinks that there abides in thee  
Some concord with humanity,  
Given to no other flower I see  
The forest thorough!

Is it that man is soon deprest?  
A thoughtless thing?—who, once unblest,  
Does little on his memory rest,

Or on his reason,

And thou wouldest teach him how to find  
A shelter under every wind,  
A hope for times that are unkind,  
And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,  
Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt,  
With friends to greet thee, or without,

Yet pleased and willing:

Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,  
And all things suffering from all,  
Thy function apostolical

In peace fulfilling.

WORDSWORTH.

## TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH A PLOW.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,  
Thou's met me in an evil hour,  
For I maun crush amang the stoure\*

Thy slender stem;  
To spare thee now is past my power.  
Theu bonnie gem.

\* *Stoure*, dust.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,  
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,  
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,\*  
     Wi' speckled breast,  
 When upward springing, blithe to greet  
     The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter, biting north,  
 Upon thy early, humble birth;  
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted † forth  
     Amid the storm,  
 Scarce reared above the parent earth  
     Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
 High sheltering woods and wa's ‡ maun shield,  
 But thou, beneath the random bield §  
     O' clod or stane  
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
     Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,  
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
     In humble guise;  
 But now the share uptears thy bed,  
     And low thou lies!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
 Who lang with wants and woes has striven,  
 By human pride or cunning driven  
     To misery's brink,  
 Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,  
     He ruined, sink!

Even thou, who mourn'st the daisy's fate,  
 That fate is thine,—no distant date:  
 Stern Ruin's plowshare drives elate  
     Full on thy bloom,  
 Till, crushed beneath the furrow's weight,  
     Shall be thy doom!

PUNGS.

\* Weet, rain, wetness.

† Wa's, walls.

‡ Glinted, peeped.

§ Random bield, casual shelter.

## THE SNOWDROP;

OR,

FAIR MAID OF FEBRUARY.

*(Friend in need.—Hope.)*

HE Snowdrop is dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and tradition asserts that it blooms on the second of February, or Candlemas Day,—the day kept in celebration of the Holy Virgin taking the Child Jesus to the Jewish Temple, and there presenting the appointed offering of two turtle-doves.

## THE SNOWDROP.

The Snowdrop! 'Tis an English flower,  
And grows beneath our garden trees;  
For every heart it has a dower,  
And old and dear remembrances  
All look upon it, and straightway  
Recall their youth like yesterday.  
Their sunny years when forth they went,  
Wandering in measureless content;  
Their little plot of garden ground,  
The mossy orchard's quiet bound,  
Their father's house so free from care,  
And the familiar faces there;  
The household voices kind and sweet,  
That knew no feigning,—hushed and gone!  
The mother that was sure to greet  
Their coming with a welcome tone;  
The brothers that were children then,  
Now anxious, toiling, thoughtful men;  
And the kind sister whose glad mirth  
Was like a sunshine on the earth.—  
These come back to the soul supine,  
Flower of the spring, at look of thine:

And thou, among the dimmed and gone,  
 Art an unaltered thing alone!  
 Unchanged—unchanged—the very flower  
     That grew in Eden droopingly,—  
 And now beside the peasant's door  
     Awakes his little children's glee,  
 Even as it filled his heart with joy  
 Beside his mother's door, a boy!—  
 The same—and to his heart it brings  
 The freshness of those vanished springs!  
 Bloom then, fair flower, in sun and shade,  
 For deep thought in thy cup is laid;  
 And careless children, in their glee,  
 A sacred memory make of thee!

MRS. HOWITT.

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### THE SNOWDROP.

The Snowdrop, Winter's timid child,  
     Awakes the life, bedewed with tears,  
 And flings around its fragrance mild;  
 And, where no rival flowerets bloom  
 Amidst the bare and chilling gloom,  
     A beauteous gem appears.

\* \* \* \*

Where'er I find thee, gentle flower,  
     Thou still art sweet and dear to me!  
 For I have known the cheerless hour,  
 Have seen the sunbeams cold and pale,  
 Have felt the chilling wintry gale,  
     And wept and shrunk like thee.

MRS. ROBINSON



## THE COWSLIP.

*(Pensiveness.—Winning Youthful Grace.)*

HE “pretty Mullein,” as it is called, is one of the sweetest of our meadow flowers. The Yellow Oxlip is larger, and not quite so common.

Cowslip wine is pleasant, and said to be slightly narcotic.

Shakspere, speaking of the Fairy Queen, says:—

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots we see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favors,—  
In those freckles live their savors;  
I must go seek some dewdrops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip’s ear.

Milton, in his masque of “Comus,” has given an exquisite song to Sabrina, in which the airy tread of that goddess “o’er the cowslip’s velvet head” is most delicately expressed:—

By the rushy, fringed bank,  
Where grow the willow and the osier dank  
    My sliding chariot stays:  
Thick set with agate and the azure sheen  
Of turkis blue and emerald green,  
    That in the channel strays;  
Whilst from off the waters fleet,  
Thus I set my printless feet,  
O’er the cowslip’s velvet head,  
    That bends not as I tread.  
Gentle swain, at thy request  
I am here.

These flowers furnish an abundant supply of honey to the bee; for

Rich in vegetable gold,  
From calyx pale the freckled cowslip born,  
Receives in amber cups the fragrant dews of morn.

### THE COWSLIP.

Good neighbor cowslip, I have seen the bee  
 Whispering to you, and have been told he stays  
 Quite long and late amid your golden cells.  
 Is it not business that he comes upon?—  
 Matter of fact? He never waits an hour.  
 Know you that he's a subtle financier,  
 And shows some gain for every day he spends?  
 Oh, learn from him the priceless worth of time,  
 Thou fair and frail! So shalt thou prove the truth,  
 That he who makes companion of the wise  
 Shall in their wisdom share.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

### THE COWSLIP

The cowslip, that bending  
 With its golden bells,  
 Of each glad hour's ending  
 With a sweet chime tells.

MISS LANDON.

### THE CROCUS.

(Cheerfulness.—Hope.)



ACCORDING to some authors, these bright  
 little flowers, which

Come before the swallow dares,  
 And take the winds of March with beauty,

derive their name from a Greek word signifying  
*thread*, from the fact of their thread or filament be-  
 ing in such request for saffron dye.

The Greeks fabled that Crocu, a beautiful youth, was transformed into this flower,—as his lady-love, Snilax, was at the same time into a yew-tree.

It is in England consecrated to St. Valentine.

Bees are excessively fond of the crocus; and Moore thus alludes to this fact in "Lalla Rookh":—

The busiest hive  
On Bela's hills is less alive,  
When saffron-beds are full in flower,  
Than looked the valley in that hour.

Mrs. Howitt says of the purple crocus:—

Like lilac flame its color glows,  
Tender and yet so clearly bright,  
That all for miles and miles about  
The splendid meadow shineth out,  
And far-off village children shout  
To see the welcome sight.

---

### TO THE CROCUS.

Lowly, sprightly little flower!  
Herald of a brighter bloom,  
Bursting in a sunny hour  
From thy winter tomb.

Hues you bring, bright, gay, and tender,  
As if never to decay;  
Fleeting in their varied splendor,—  
Soon, alas! it fades away.

Thus the hopes I long had cherished  
Thus the friends I long had known,  
One by one, like you, have perished,  
Blighted—I must fade alone.

PATTERSON.



## APPLE-BLOSSOM.

(*Preference.*)



In the Scandinavian mythology the apple-tree played an important part. In the "Edda," the goddess Iduna is related to have had charge of the apples which had the power of conferring immortality, and which, in consequence of their miraculous property, were especially retained for the gods to eat when they felt themselves growing old. The evil spirit, Loki, carried off Iduna and the wonderful apple-tree, and hid them away in a forest where the deities were unable to find them. The results of this spiteful theft were that everything went wrong, both in the realms mundane and divine. The gods grew old and infirm, and, becoming enfeebled in mind and body, were no longer able to regulate the affairs of the earth; and mortals, no longer having any one to look after them, fell into evil ways, and became a prey to the evil spirit. Affairs grew worse daily, until the gods, combining the remains of their strength, overcame Loki, and compelled him to restore the stolen apple-tree.

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### APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

Of all the months that fill the year  
Give April's month to me,  
For earth and sky are then so filled  
With sweet variety!

The apple-blossoms' shower of pearl,  
Though blent with rosier hue.—  
As beautiful as woman's blush,  
As evanescent, too.

On every bough there is a bud,  
In every bud a flower;  
But scarcely bud or flower will last  
Beyond the present hour.

Now comes a shower-cloud o'er the sky,  
Then all again sunshine;  
Then clouds again, but brightened with  
The rainbow's colored line.

Ay, this, this is the month for me!  
I could not love a scene  
Where the blue sky was always blue,  
The green earth always green.

L. E. L.

---

### TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,  
Why do you fall so fast?  
Your date is not so past  
But you may stay here yet a while,  
To blush and gently smile,  
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be  
An hour or half's delight,  
And so to bid good-night?  
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,  
Merely to show your worth,  
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave:  
And after they have shown their pride  
Like you a while, they glide  
Into the grave.

Herrick.


**THE DAFFODIL.**

(Unrequited Love.)

**H**E name of this flower is only a corruption of Dis's lily, as it is supposed to be the flower that dropped from Pluto's chariot when he was carrying off Proserpine to the infernal regions. Jean Ingelow, in the beautiful poem of "Persephone," thus introduces this flower into a resuscitation of the antique fable:—

She stepped upon Sicilian grass,  
Demeter's daughter fresh and fair,  
A child of light, a radiant lass,  
And gamesome as the morning air.  
The daffodils were fair to see,—  
They nodded lightly on the lea.

Lo! one she marked of rarer growth  
Than orchis or anemone;  
For it the maiden left them both,  
And parted from her company.  
Drawn nigh, she deemed it fairer still,  
And stooped to gather by the rill  
The daffodil—the daffodil.

What ailed the meadow that it shook!  
What ailed the air of Sicily?  
She wondered by the brattling brook,  
And trembled with the trembling lea.  
“The coal-black horses rise,—they rise!  
Oh mother, mother!” low she cries.

“Oh light, oh light!” she cries, “farewell!  
The coal-black horses wait for me.  
Oh, shade of shades, where I must dwell,  
Demeter, mother, far from thee!  
Oh, fated doom that I fulfill!  
Oh, fatal flower beside the rill!  
The daffodil—the daffodil!”

Chaucer alludes to this story, and Shakspere introduces it into his "Winter's Tale":—

Oh, Proserpina,  
For the flowers now that, frightened, thou lett'st fall  
From Dis's wagon: daffodils  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty.

DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see  
 Ye haste away so soon;  
 As yet the early-rising sun  
 Has not attained his noon:  
 Stay, stay,  
 Until the hastening day  
 Has run  
 But to the even-song,  
 And, having prayed together, we  
 Will go with ye along.

We have short time to stay as ye,  
 We have as fleet a Spring,  
 As quick a growth to meet decay  
 As you or anything:  
 We die  
 As your hours do and dry  
 Away  
 Like to the summer's rain,  
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
 Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK.

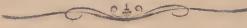
DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
 When all at once I saw a crowd,  
 A host of golden daffodils,  
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
 And twinkle in the milky-way,  
 They stretched in never-ending line  
 Along the margin of a bay.  
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:  
 A poet could not but be gay,  
 In such a jocund company;  
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
 What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft when on my couch I lie,  
 In vacant or in pensive mood,  
 They flash upon that inward eye  
 Which is the bliss of solitude;  
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
 And dances with the daffodils.



## THE VIOLET.

(*Modesty.*)

 "The violet is for modesty."—BURNS.

VOLETS, considered by some as typical of *modesty*, by others are deemed emblematic of *faithfulness*; and the latter have the support of one of Shakspere's contemporary poets:—

Violet is for faithfulness,  
 Which in me shall abide;  
 Hoping likewise that from your heart  
 You will not let it slide.

"The violet was as proud a device of the Ionic Athenians," says a well-known author, "as the rose of England and the lily of France. In all seasons it was to be seen exposed for sale in the market-place at Athens, the citizens being successful in rearing it in their gardens even when the ground was covered with snow."

The Greeks called this flower "Ion," and it was said that Jupiter caused the first violet to spring up

in the grass, when the unhappy Io, metamorphosed into a heifer, bent her lips to eat.

Perdita, when wishing for flowers to give her guests, in the "Winter's Tale," thus speaks of the beauty and perfume of violets:—

Violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath.

The frequent allusions made to "the nodding violet" by our great dramatist cause it to be regarded as his favorite flower; and in the eyes of many, the fact will not be one of its slightest charms. There is not a more exquisite passage in the whole range of English poetry than that in "Twelfth Night," where the Duke, listening to plaintive music, desires

That strain again; it had a dying fall:  
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor.

Shakspeare employs his beloved flower as the type of *modesty* and *maidenhood*. Indeed, poets are continually using this retiring blossom as an emblem of those qualities.

She steals timidly away,  
Shrinking as violets do in Summer's ray.—MOORE.

Barry Cornwall gives it the preference over the Rose:—

The king told Gyges of the purple flower;  
It chanced to be the flower the boy liked most  
It has a scent as though Love, for its dower,  
Had on it all his odorous arrows tost;  
For though the rose has more perfuming power,  
The violet—haply 'cause 'tis almost lost,  
And takes us so much trouble to discover—  
Stands first with most, but always with a lover.

No flowers grew in the vale,  
Kissed by the dew, wooed by the gale,—  
None by the dew of the twilight wet,  
So sweet as the deep blue violet.—L. E. L.

When the grave shall open for me—  
I care not how soon that time may be—  
Never a rose shall grow on that tomb,  
It breathes too much of hope and bloom;  
But there be that flower's meek regret,  
The bending and deep-blue violet.—L. E. L.

Whilst the first Napoleon was in exile, this little blossom was adopted by his followers as an emblem. He was styled *Père la Violette*, and a small bunch of violets hung up in the house, or worn by a Frenchman, denoted the adherence of the wearer to his fallen chieftain's cause. It is still the emblem of the Bonapartes.

The White Violet, which is not invariably scentless, as is sometimes erroneously presumed, is emblematic of *candor*, although some authors adopt it as the representative of *innocence*.

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### TO A WADING VIOLET.

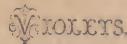
The color from the flower is gone,  
Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me;  
The odor from the flower is flown,  
Which breathed of thee, and only thee!

A withered, lifeless, vacant form,  
It lies on my abandoned breast,  
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,  
With cold and silent rest.

I weep,—my tears revive it not;  
I sigh,—it breathes no more on me;  
Its mute and uncomplaining lot  
Is such as mine should be.

SHELLEY.

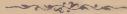
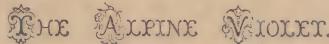




Under the green hedges after the snow,  
There do the dear little violets grow,  
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads  
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,  
Down there do the dear little violets lie,  
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen;  
By the leaves you may know where the violet hath been.

J. MOULTRIE.

THE ALPINE VIOLET.

The Spring is come, the Violet's gone,  
The first-born child of the early sun;  
With us she is but a winter flower,  
The snow on the hills can not blast her bower;  
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue  
To the youngest sky of the selfsame hue.

But when the spring comes with her host  
Of flowers, that flower, beloved the most,  
Shrinks from the crowd, that may confuse  
Her heavenly odors and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember  
Their herald, out of dire December;  
The morning star of all the flowers,  
The pledge of daylight's lengthen'd hours,  
And 'mid the Roses, ne'er forget  
The virgin, virgin Violet.

LORD BYRON.



VIOLETS.

I do love violets.  
 They tell a history of woman's love;  
 They open with the earliest breath of spring;  
 Lead a sweet life of perfume, dew, and light,  
 And if they perish, perish with a sigh  
 Delicious as that life. On the hot June  
 They shed no perfume; the flowers may remain,  
 But the rich breathing of their leaves is past;  
 Like woman, they have lost their loveliest gift  
 When yielding to the fiery hour of passion.  
 —The violet-breath of love is purity.

MISS LANDON.

A BOUQUET OF SPRING VIOLETS.

After the slumber of the year,  
 The woodland violets reappear;  
 All things revive in field and grove,  
 And sea and sky; but two, which move  
 And form all others, life and love.

SHELLEY.

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

When beechen buds begin to swell,  
 And woods the bluebird's warble know,  
 The yellow violet's modest bell  
 Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,  
 Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,  
 To meet thee, when thy faint perfume  
 Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring  
 First plant thee in the watery mold;  
 And I have seen thee blossoming  
 Beside the snowbank's edges cold.

Thy parent<sup>\*</sup> sun, who bade thee view  
 Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,  
 Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,  
 And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,  
 And earthward bent thy gentle eye,  
 Unapt the passing view to meet,  
 When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,  
 Thy early smile has stayed my walk;  
 But 'midst the gorgeous blooms of May,  
 I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth forget  
 The friends in darker fortunes tried,  
 I copied them,— but I regret  
 That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour  
 Awakes the painted tribes of light,  
 I'll not o'erlook the modest flower  
 That made the woods of April bright.

BRYANT.

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### THE NODDING VIOLET.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,  
 Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows:  
 Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,  
 With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.

SHAKSPERE.



## NARCISSUS.

(*Self-love.*)

HE white or poetical *Narcissus* is adopted as the emblem of *egotism*, because, according to the mythologists, it owes its origin to a beautiful youth of Boeotia, of whom it had been foretold that he should live happily until he beheld his own face. One day, when heated by the chase, Narcissus sought to quench his thirst in a stream: in so doing he beheld the reflection of his own features, of which he immediately became enamored. He was spellbound to the spot, where he pined to death, and was metamorphosed by the gods into the flower that now bears his name. When the Naiads had prepared the funeral pile for Narcissus, his body was missing,—

Instead whereof a yellow flower was found,  
With tufts of white about the button crowned;

and ever since is seen

Narcissus fair,  
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still.

The poetic *Narcissus* has a snow-white flower, with a yellow cup in the center, fringed on the border with a brilliant crimson circlet. It is sweet-scented, and flowers in May. The cup in the center is supposed to contain the tears of the ill-fated *Narcissus*. Keats terms it “a lovely flower”:

A meek and forlorn flower, with nought of pride.

And Shelley speaks thus of it:

The pied windflowers and the tulip tall,  
And Narcissi, the fairest among them all,  
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,  
Till they die at their own dear loveliness.

## ECHO AND NARCISSUS.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen  
Within thy airy shell,  
By slow Meander's margent green,  
And in the violet-embroidered vale,  
Where the lovelorn nightingale  
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;  
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
That likest thy Narcissus aré?  
Oh, if thou have  
Hid them in some flowery cove,  
Tell me but where,  
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere,  
So mayest thou be translated to the skies,  
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

MILTON.

## DEATH OF NARCISSUS.

Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,  
Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.  
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,  
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.

For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,  
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn:  
And now the sister nymphs prepare his urn;  
When, looking for his corpse, they only found  
A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crowned.

ADDISON.

## THE NARCISSUS.

Let long-lived Pansies here their scents bestow,  
The Violet languish, and the Roses glow;  
In yellow glory let the Crocus shine,  
Narcissus here his lovesick head recline;  
Here Hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,  
And Tulips tinged with beauty's fairest dyes.

THE NARCISSUS.

What first inspired a bard of old to sing  
 Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring?  
 In some delicious ramble he had found  
 A little space, with boughs all woven round;  
 And in the midst of all a clearer pool  
 Than ere reflected in its pleasant cool  
 The blue sky, here and there serenely peeping,  
 Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping.  
 And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,  
 A meek and forlorn flower, with nought of pride,  
 Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness,  
 To woo its own sad image into nearness:  
 Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move,  
 But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.  
 So while the poet stood in this sweet spot,  
 Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot;  
 Nor was it long ere he had told the tale  
 Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's wail.

KEATS.

THE NARCISSUS.

I saw the pride of all the meadow  
 At morn a gay Narcissus blow  
 Upon a river's bank, whose shadow  
 Bloomed in the silver waves below.  
 By noontide's heat its youth was wasted,  
 The waters as they passed complained;  
 At eve its glories all were blasted,  
 And not one former grace remained.

COWPER.

THE NARCISSUS.

The pale and delicate Narcissus' flowers  
 Bending so languidly, as still they found  
 In the pure wave a love and destiny.

MISS LANDON.

## BUTTERCUPS.

(*Riches.—Memories of Childhood.*)



BEAUTIFULLY does the great poet, Robert Browning, call these emblems of *riches*, “the buttercups, the little children’s dower.”

### BUTTERCUPS.

'Tis sweet to love in childhood, when the souls that  
we bequeath  
Are beautiful in freshness as the coronals we wreath;  
When we feed the gentle robin, and caress the leaping  
hound,  
And linger latest on the spot where buttercups are  
found:  
When we seek the bee and ladybird with laughter,  
shout, and song,  
And think the day for wooing them can never be too  
long.  
Oh! 'tis sweet to love in childhood, and though stirred  
by meanest things,  
The music that the heart yields then will never leave  
its stings.

'Tis sweet to love in after years the dear one by our  
side;  
To dote with all the mingled joys of passion, hope, and  
pride;  
To think the chain around our breast will hold still  
warm and fast,  
And grieve to know that death must come to break the  
link at last.  
But when the rainbow span of bliss is waning, hue by  
hue;  
When eyes forget their kindly beams, and lips become  
less true;

When stricken hearts are pining on through many a lonely hour,  
Who would not sigh "tis safer far to love the bird and flower?"

'Tis sweet to love in ripened age the trumpet-blast of Fame,  
To pant to live on Glory's scroll, though blood may trace the name;  
'Tis sweet to love the heap of gold, and hug it to our breast,—  
To trust it as the guiding star and anchor of our rest.  
But such devotion will not serve—however strong the zeal—  
To overthrow the altar where our childhood loved to kneel.  
Some bitter moment shall o'ercast the sun of wealth and power,  
And then proud man would fain go back to worship bird and flower.

ELIZA COOK.



## THE HAWTHORN.

(Hope.)



BY the Greeks the Hawthorn was deemed one of the fortunate trees. The Romans accounted it a symbol of marriage, because it was carried at the rape of the Sabines: it was ever after considered propitious. Its flowering branches were borne aloft at their marriages, and the newly-wedded pair were even lighted to the nuptial chamber with torches of its wood.

The Turks regard the presentation of a branch of Hawthorn as denoting the donor's desire to receive from the object of his affection that token of love denominated *a kiss*.

M. Ronsard—who has been styled the French Chaucer—wrote a beautiful address to the Hawthorn, thus faithfully rendered:—

Fair Hawthorn flowering,  
With green shade bowering  
Along this lovely shore;  
To thy foot around  
With his long arms wound  
A wild vine has mantled thee o'er.

In armies twain,  
Red ants have ta'en  
Their fortress beneath thy stock;  
And in clefts of thy trunk  
Tiny bees have sunk  
A cell where honey they lock.

In merry Spring-tide,  
When to woo his bride  
The nightingale comes again,  
Thy boughs among  
He warbles his song,  
That lightens a lover's pain.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Gentle Hawthorn, thrive,  
And, forever alive,  
May'st thou blossom as now in thy prime;  
By the wind unbroke,  
And the thunder-stroke,  
Unspoiled by the axe of time.

Chaucer thus sings of it:—

Furth goth all the Courte, both most and lest,  
To fetche the flouris freshe, and braunche and blome,  
And namely hau思horne brought both page and grome,  
With freshe garlandis partly blew and white,  
And than rejoisin in their grete delight.

Amongst the many buds proclaiming May  
(Decking the meads in holiday array,  
Striving who shall surpass in bravery)  
Mari the fair blooming of the Hawthorn-tree;  
Who, finely clothed in a robe of white,  
Feeds full' the wanton eye with May's delight,  
Yet for the bravery that she is in  
Doth neither handle card nor wheel to spin,  
Nor changeth robes but twice; is never seen  
In other colors than in white or green.

Learn then, content, young shepherd, from this tree,  
Whose greatest wealth is Nature's livery,

Spenser tells us in his "Shepherd's Calendar,"—

Youth's folk now flocken everywhere,  
To gather May-baskets and smelling breere;  
And home they hasten the posts to dight,  
And all the kirk-pillars ere daylight,  
With hawthorn-buds, and sweet eglantine,  
And garlands of roses, and sops-in-wine.

Herrick, in his "Hesperides," has a beautiful idyl descriptive of the manner in which maids went a-Maying.

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### GOING A-MAYING.

Oh, we will go a-Maying, love,  
A-Maying we will go,  
Beneath the branches swaying, love,  
With weight of scented snow.  
Laburnum's golden tresses, love,  
Float in the perfumed air;  
Which heedless their caresses, love,  
Seeks violets in their lair;  
And with their scents a-playing, love,  
It gambols to and fro,—  
Where we will go a-Maying, love,  
Where we will Maying go.

The bees are busy humming, love,  
Amid the opening blooms,  
Foretelling Summer's coming, love,—  
Farewell to wintry glooms.  
The primrose pale, from crinkly sheen,  
Up from the ground now speeds;  
And cowslips slim, 'mid leafy green,  
Rise in the unknown meads.  
And buttercups are weighing, love,  
The gold they soon must strow,—  
Where we will go a-Maying, love,  
Where we will Maying go.

The hawthorn's bloom is falling, love,  
 We must no longer wait;  
 Each bird is blithely calling, love,  
 Unto his chosen mate;  
 Each bud unblown is swelling, love,  
 Green grow the vernal fields;  
 Each insect leaves its dwelling, love,  
 And all to Summer yields:  
 The mowers are out haying, love,  
 Woodbine is in full blow,—  
 Where we will go a-Maying, love,  
 Where we will Maying go.

JOHN INGRAM.



## THE PRIMROSE.

(Youth.)



"The primrose I will pu', the firstling of the year." BURNS.  
 HE Primrose, emblematical of youth, has received innumerable deservedly warm encomiums from our poets, but none sweeter than those popular lines of Carew:—

Ask me why I send you here  
 This firstling of the infant year;  
 Ask me why I send to you  
 This primrose all bepearled with dew;  
 I straight will whisper in your ears  
 Tho' sweets of love are washed with tears.

Ask me why this flower doth show  
 So yellow, green, and sickly too;  
 Ask me why the stalk is weak  
 And bending, yet it doth not break;  
 I must tell you, these discover  
 What doubts and fears are in a lover.

Shakspere, whose floral symbolism was perfect, introduces this delicate blossom into his pathetic

drama of "Cymbeline," as typical of the youthful dead:—

With fairest flowers,  
Whilst Summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose.

Again in the "Winter's Tale," the grand dramatist still more exquisitely expresses his knowledge of its symbolic character:—

The pale primroses,  
That die unmarried ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength.

Milton also styles this vernal bloom "the pale primrose." It was described by Carew as "the firstling of spring." Thus Burns also terms it in "The Posie," and Linnæus appropriately named it in his botanical system; whilst in his native Swedish it is known as *Maj-nycklar*, or the "key of May." Its English appellation is derived from *primus*—"the first,"—and happily expresses one of its charms, and shows why it is such a meet emblem of youth.

This fragile flower is known classically as *Paralisos*; and was thus styled in commemoration of a youth so named, who pined away with grief for the loss of his betrothed, Melicerta, and was metamorphosed into

The rathē primrose that, forsaken, dies.

It has been observed of Clare that his poems are as thickly strewn with primroses as the woodlands themselves. In his "Village Minstrel" he sings:—

Oh, who can speak his joys when Spring's young morn  
From wood and pasture opened on his view,  
When tender green buds blush upon the thorn,  
And the first primrose dips his leaves in dew?

And while he plucked the primrose in its pride,  
He pondered o'er its bloom 'tween joy and pride,  
And a rude sonnet in its praise he tried,  
Where Nature's simple way the aid of art supplied.

In another place he tells how, as a child, he rambled o'er the fields for flowers, and  
 Robbed every primrose-root I met,  
 And oftentimes got the root to set;  
 And joyful home each nosegay bore;  
 And felt,—as I shall feel no more.

In the following lines the old poet, Browne, associates this flower with a scene of rustic idle thoughtlessness:—

As some wayfaring man, passing a wood,  
 Goes jogging on, and in his mind nought hath,  
 But how the primrose finely strews the path.

And the sketch is suggestive of Wordsworth's oft-quoted idea in "Peter Bell":—

A primrose by a river's brim  
 A yellow primrose was to him,  
 And it was nothing more.

### SAD PRIMROSES.

But we have daisies, which, like love,  
 Or hope, spring everywhere;  
 And primroses, which droop above  
 Some self-consuming care.

So sad, so spiritual, so pale,  
 Born all too near the snow,  
 They pine for that sweet southern gale,  
 Which they will never know.

PROFESSOR WILSON

### EVENING PRIMROSES.

A tuft of evening primroses,  
 O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes;  
 O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,  
 But that 'tis ever startled by the leap  
 Of buds into ripe flowers.

KUATS


**THE HYACINTH.**


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**PURPLE HYACINTH.**

(Sorrow.—Pity.)

ACCORDING to the old mythologists, this fairy-like, fragile flower, had its origin in the death of Hyacinthus, a Spartan youth, who was greatly favored by Apollo. He fell a victim to the jealous rage of Zephyrus, who, in revenge for the preference manifested for him by the Sun-god, had determined to effect his destruction. Accordingly, one day when Hyacinthus was playing at quoits with his divine friend, Zephyrus blew so powerfully upon the quoit flung by Apollo that it struck the unfortunate prince on the temple and killed him, to the intense grief of his innocent slayer. To commemorate the grace and beauty of the dead youth, Apollo, unable to restore him to life, caused the flower which now bears his name to spring from his blood.

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**HYACINTHUS.**

Or they might watch the quoit-pitchers, intent  
On either side, pitying the sad death  
Of Hyacinthus, when the cruel breath  
Of Zephyr slew him; Zephyr penitent,  
Who now, ere Phœbus mounts the firmament,  
Fondles the flower amid the sobbing rain.

KEATS.



## THE LYZANTH.

Child of the Spring, thou charming flower,  
No longer in confinement lie,  
Arise to light, thy form discover,  
Rival the azure of the sky.

The rains are gone, the storms are o'er,  
Winter retires to make thee way;  
Come, then, thou sweetly blooming flower,  
Come, lovely stranger, come away.

The sun is dressed in beaming smiles,  
To give thy beauties to the day:  
Young zephyrs wait with gentlest gales,  
To fan thy bosom as they play.

CASIMIR

## THE ROSEMARY.

(Remembrance.)

  
 'There's rosemary for you: that's for remembrance.'  
SHAKSPEARE.  
 UR forefathers invariably adopted *Rosemary* as the symbol of *remembrance*. It was believed to possess the power of improving the memory, and was frequently employed as a means of invigorating the mental faculties. Perdita, in the "Winter's Tale," says:—

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep  
Seeming and savor all the winter long:  
Grace and remembrance be with you both!

And in "Hamlet," Ophelia says:—

There's rosemary for you: that's for remembrance.  
Pray you, love, remember.

Michael Drayton, in his "Pastorals," also alludes to this emblem in similar terms:—

He from his lass him lavender hath sent,  
Showing her love, and doth requital crave,  
Him rosemary his sweetheart, whose intent  
Is that he her should in remembrance have.

Respecting the employment of this flower at funerals, Mr. Martyn observes that in some parts of England, in his time, it was still customary to distribute it among the company, who frequently threw sprigs of it into the grave. Slips of it were also sometimes placed within the coffin; and in some secluded villages these innocent customs are still practiced.

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### Die Herz Blume.

(*The Heartflower.*)

There grew a little flower once,  
 That blossomed in a day,  
 And some said it would ever bloom,  
 And some 'twould fade away;  
 And some said it was Happiness,  
 And some said it was Spring,  
 And some said it was Grief and Tears,  
 And many such a thing;  
 But still the little flower bloomed,  
 And still it lived and thrrove,  
 And men do it call "Summer Growth,"  
 But angels call it "Love!"

TOM HOOD.





# LILY OF THE VALLEY.

(Return of Happiness.)

 "Be thy advent the emblem of all I would crave."  
BERNARD BARTON.  
THE *Lily of the Valley*, sometimes called the May Lily, and in some country villages Ladder to Heaven, in the floral languages of Europe is emblematic of the *return of happiness*, doubtless in allusion to the season of the year when it puts forth its blossoms.

Keats was very fond of it, and says:—

No flower amid the garden fairer grows  
Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,  
The queen of flowers.

And further on

Valley-lilies, whiter still  
Than Leda's love.

In that enchanted garden where the sensitive plant grew, Shelley lovingly placed

The naiad-like lily of the vale,  
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,  
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen  
Through their pavilions of tender green.

## THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

White bud, that in meek beauty so dost lean,  
The cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow,  
Thou seem'st beneath thy huge high leaf of green,  
An Eremité beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud, thou'ret emblem of a lovelier thing,—  
The broken spirit that its anguish bears  
To silent shades, and there sits offering  
To Heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.

CROLY.

THE PIMPERNEL.

(*Change.*)

"More bitter far than all  
It was to know that love could change and die."

A. A. PROCTER.



THE Pimpernel does not unfold its brilliant petals until eight o'clock in the morning, and refolds them toward noon. This habit has obtained for it the cognomen of "the poor man's weather-glass;" whilst for its usefulness in foretelling the approach of rain, it is frequently known as "the shepherd's warning." Few who have passed a portion of their life in the country but are acquainted with this property of the pretty little pimpernel. Whenever its tiny scarlet blossoms are seen folding up their delicate petals, it may be deemed a certain indication of approaching rain; and as such a sign Darwin notices it:—

Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel;  
In fiery red the sun doth rise,  
Then wades through clouds to mount the skies;  
'Twill surely rain, we see 't with sorrow,—  
No working in the fields to-morrow.



# HEART'S-EASE, OR PANSY.

(*Think of me. Remembrance. Thoughts.*)

 "There are pansies: that's for thoughts." SHAKSPERE.

HE Heart's-ease, as its French name of *pansy*, or *pensée* intimates, is, in the language of flowers, symbolical of remembrance. It is a beautiful variety of the violet, far surpassing that flower in diversity and brilliancy of color, but possessing little, if any, of the exquisite fragrance for which that is so renowned.

The name given to it by the Italians is *flammola*, the "little flame,"—at least this is an appellation with which I have met, and it is quite in the taste of that poetical people. The French call it *pensee*, "a thought." "There are pansies," says poor Ophelia: "that's for thoughts." Drayton, in the "Muses' Elysium," makes his nymph say,—

Amongst these roses in a row,  
Next place I pinks in plenty,  
These double daisies then for show,  
And will not this be dainty?  
The pretty pansy then I'll tie,  
Like stones some chain engraving;  
The next to them, their near ally  
The purple violet placing.

Another of its names is "Love-in-idleness," under which it has been again celebrated by Shakspere.

Besides these names, this tricolored violet is also called, in various country-places, "jump-up-and-kiss-me-quick," "the herb Trinity," "three-faces-under-a-hood," "kiss-me-behind-the-garden-gate," and "cuddle-me-to-you," which seems to have been altered by time into the less vivacious request of "call-me-to-you."

 HEART'S-EASE.

In gardens oft a beauteous flower there grows,  
 By vulgar eyes unnoticed and unseen;  
 In sweet security it humbly blows,  
 And rears its purple head to deck the green.

This flower, as Nature's poet sweetly sings,  
 Was once milk-white, and Heart's-ease was its name,  
 Till wanton Cupid poised his roseate wings,  
 A vestal's sacred bosom to inflame.

With treacherous aim the god his arrow drew,  
 Which she with icy coldness did repel:  
 Rebounding thence with feather speed it flew,  
 Till on this lonely flower at last it fell.

Heart's-ease no more the wandering shepherd found;  
 No more the nymphs its snowy form possess;  
 Its white now changed to purple by Love's wound,  
 Heart's-ease no more,—'tis Love-in-idleness.

MRS. SHERIDAN.

 HEART'S-EASE.

Heart's-ease! One could look for half a day  
 Upon this flower, and shape in fancy out  
 Full twenty different tales of love and sorrow,  
 That gave this gentle name.

MARY HOWITT.



## THE WALLFLOWER.

*(Fidelity in Misfortune.)*

 COMMON garden blossom, that seldom receives all the attention it is worthy of, is the *Wallflower*, symbolical of *fidelity in misfortune*. It was a great favorite in the Middle Ages, when troubadours and minstrels wore it as an emblem of the unchangeableness of their affection. Wallflowers belong to the stock family; and by far the finest is the common one which Thomson, in his "Seasons," describes as—

The yellow wallflower, stained with iron brown.

Bernard Barton says of the wallflower:—

An emblem true thou art,  
Of love's enduring luster, given  
To cheer a lonely heart.

And elsewhere:—

To me it speaks of loveliness,  
That passes not with youth,  
Of beauty which decay can bless,  
Of constancy and truth.

But in adversity's dark hour,  
When glory is gone by,  
It then exerts its gentle power  
The scene to beautify.

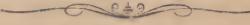
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## THE NAMING OF THE WALLFLOWER.

Why this flower is now called so,  
List, sweet maids, and you shall know.  
Understand this firstling was  
Once a brisk and bonny lass,  
Kept as close as Danaë was,  
Who a sprightly springald loved;  
And to have it fully proved,

Up she got upon a wall,  
 Tempting down to slide withal;  
 But the silken twist untied,  
 So she fell, and, bruised, she died.  
 Jove, in pity of the deed,  
 And her loving, luckless speed,  
 Turned her to this plant we call  
 Now "the flower of the wall."

HERRICK.



## FORGET-ME-NOT.



HIS lovely little flower has a charming legend attached to it. We give it in its best poetic form at once.

---

## THE BRIDE OF THE DANUBE.

"See how yon glittering wave in sportive play  
 Washes the bank, and steals the flowers away.  
 And must they thus in bloom and beauty die,  
 Without the passing tribute of a sigh?"

"No, Bertha, those young flowerets there  
 Shall form a braid for thy sunny hair;  
 I yet will save one, if but one  
 Soft smile reward me when 'tis done."  
 He said, and plunged into the stream,—  
 His only light was the moon's pale beam.  
 "Stay! stay!" she cried,—but he had caught  
 The drooping flowers, and breathless sought  
 To place the treasures at the feet  
 Of her from whom e'en death were sweet.

With outstretched arms upon the shore she stood,  
With tearful eye she gazed upon the flood,  
Whose swelling tide now seemed as if 'twould sever  
Her faithful lover from her arms forever.  
Still through the surge he panting strove to gain  
The welcome strand,—but, ah! he strove in vain!

Yet once the false stream bore him to the spot  
Where stood his bride in muteness of despair:  
And scarcely had he said, "Forget me not!"  
And flung the dearly ransomed flowerets there,  
When the dark wave closed o'er him, and no more  
Was seen young Rodolph on the Danube's shore.

Aghast she stood; she saw the tranquil stream  
Pass o'er him,—could it be a fleeting dream?  
Ah, no! The last fond words, "Forget me not!"  
Told it was all a sad reality.  
With frantic grasp the dripping flowers she prest,  
Too dearly purchased, to her aching breast.

Alas! her tears, her sorrows now were vain,  
For him she loved she ne'er shall see again!  
Is this then a bridal, where, sad in her bower,  
The maid weeps alone at the nuptial hour;  
Where hushed is the harp, and silent the lute,—  
Ah, why should their thrilling strains be mute?  
And where is young Rodolph? Where stays the bride-groom?  
Go, ask the dark waters, for there is his tomb.

Often at eve when maidens rove  
Beside the Danube's wave,  
They tell the tale of hapless love,  
And show young Rodolph's grave;  
And pull the flowers from that sweet spot,  
Still calling them "Forget-me-not."

MISS PICKERSGILL.



### SONG OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

How many bright flowers now around me are glancing,  
Each seeking its praise, or its beauty enhancing!  
The rosebuds are hanging like gems in the air,  
And the lily-bell waves in her fragrance there.  
Alas! I can claim neither fortune nor power,  
Neither beauty nor fragrance are cast in my lot;  
But contented I cling to my lowly bower,  
And smile while I whisper,—*Forget-me-not!*

### THE ROSE.

(*Love.—Joy.—Prosperity.*)

HE Rose has been acknowledged by all antiquity to be the queen of flowers, though her reign is somewhat disputed by the queen Lily. One is tempted to look on them as sister sovereigns of the floral world. The Rose, the emblem of a material dominion "of the earth, earthly,"—the Lily, of a spiritual empire of purity and lofty aspiration. But with all peoples the Rose has ever been the emblem of love, joy, and prosperity.

It is mentioned by the earliest writers of antiquity. Herodotus speaks of the double rose; in the song of Solomon the rose of Sharon is mentioned; and allusion is also made to the plantation of roses at Jericho. Isaiah uses the blossoming of the rose as a perfect emblem of joy and felicity.

The ancients regarded the Rose as the emblem of silence, as well as of love and joy, and frequently represented Cupid offering one to Harpoerates, the God of Silence. As a further illustration of this symbolism, they suspended a rose over the table at feasts, intimating to the assembled guests that the

conversation was to be held sacred, and was not to be repeated elsewhere. This latter account is generally given as the correct derivation of the saying, "*sub rosa*," applied to communications not to be repeated; but some writers say that the rose was once dedicated to Harpoocrates, and thus became the emblem of *taciturnity*, for which reason, it is averred, it is frequently placed over the confessionalis in Roman Catholic churches, indicating the secrecy which should attend whatever may be there disclosed to the ears of the priest.

Roses were more highly prized by the Romans than any other flower; they considered them emblematic of *joy*, and, in conformity with that idea, represented Comus, the God of Pleasure, as a handsome young man, crowned with a garland of roses, the leaves of which glistened with dewdrops.

The Rose was, above all, the emblem of love:—

Most glorious rose,  
You are the queenly belle. On you all eyes  
Admiring turn. Doubtless you might indite  
Romances from your own sweet history:  
They're quite the fashion now, and crowd the page  
Of every periodical. Wilt tell  
None of your heart-adventures? Never mind!  
We plainly read the Zephyr's stolen kiss  
In your deep blush; so where's the use to seal  
Your lips so cunningly, when all the world  
Calls you the flower of love?                           MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Anacreon thus writes of it:—

The rose, the flower of love,  
Mingle with our quaffing;  
The rose, the lovely leaved,  
Round our brows be weaved,  
Genially laughing.

Oh, the rose, the first of flowers,  
Darling of the early bowers,  
Fen the gods for thee have places  
Thee, too, Cytherea's boy  
Weaves about his locks for joy,  
Dancing with the Graces.

The short life of this queenly flower causes it, when fading, to be deemed a suitable representative of fleeting beauty, and many are the "morals" that the poets have deduced from its brief existence; but there is another record to be made, and that is of its fragrance after death: the flush of beauty may be gone from its withered petals, but the scent of the rose will cling to it still; and so, even when life is over, we yet place, as Barry Cornwall says:—

First of all the rose, because its breath  
Is rich beyond the rest: and when it dies,  
It doth bequeath a charm to sweeten death.

The heart doth recognize thee,  
Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee sweet,  
Both view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete,  
Perceiving all those changes that disguise thee,  
Yes, and the heart doth owe thee,  
More love, dead rose, than to any roses bold,  
Which Julia wears at dances, smiling cold!  
Lie still upon this heart, which breaks below thee!

MRS. BROWNING.

Love is like a rose,  
And a month it may not see  
Ere it withers where it grows.

BAILEY.

Spenser has bequeathed us a very felicitous stanza about the rose as an emblem of modesty and fragility:—

Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she  
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,  
That fairer seems the less ye see her may!  
Lo! see soon after how, more bold and free,  
Her bared bosom she doth broad display!  
Lo! see soon after how she fades and falls away!

Sir Walter Scott tells us,—

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears:  
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalmed with tears.



## ODE.

Buds of roses, virgin flowers  
 Culled from Cupid's balmy bowers,  
 In the bowl of Bacchus steep,  
 Till with crimson drops they weep!

Twine the rose, the garland twine,  
 Every leaf distilling wine;  
 Drink and smile, and learn to think  
 That we were born to smile and drink.

Rose! thou art the sweetest flower  
 That ever drank the amber shower;  
 Rose! thou art the fondest child  
 Of dimpled spring, the wood-nymph wild!

Even the gods who walk the sky  
 Are amorous of thy scented sigh.  
 Cupid too, in Paphian shades,  
 His hair with rosy fillet braids.  
 Then bring me showers of roses, bring,  
 And shed them round me while I sing.

ANACREON (Translated by MOORE).

## THE ROSE.

Did Jove a queen of flowers decree,  
 The rose the queen of flowers should be.  
 Of flowers the eye; of plants the gem;  
 The meadow's blush; earth's diadem;  
 Glory of colors, on the gaze  
 Lightening in its beauty's blaze;  
 It breathes of love; it blooms the guest  
 Of Venus' ever-fragrant breast;  
 In gaudy pomp its petals spread;  
 Light foliage trembles round its head;  
 With vermeil blossoms fresh and fair  
 It laughs to the voluptuous air.

ELTON'S SPECIMENS.

### ZULEIKA'S ROSE.

A single rose is shedding there  
 Its lonely luster, meek and pale:  
 It looks as planted by despair,—  
     So white, so faint,—the slightest gale  
 Might whirl the leaves on high;  
     And yet, though storms and blight assail,  
 And hands more rude than wintry sky  
     May wring it from its stem: in vain,—  
     To-morrow sees it bloom again!

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

To it the livelong night there sings  
 A bird unseen, but not remote:  
 Invisible his airy wings,  
 But soft as harp that Houri strings  
     His long entrancing note.

BYRON.

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### THE ROSE.

Just like love is yonder Rose:  
 Heavenly fragrance round it throws,  
 Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,  
 And in the midst of briers it blows:  
     Just like love.

Culled to bloom upon the breast,  
 Since rough thorns the stem invest,  
 They must be gathered with the rest,  
 And with it to the heart be prest:

Just like love.

And when rude hands the twin buds sever,  
 They die, and they shall blossom never;  
 Yet the thorns be sharp as ever:

Just like love.

Translated from CAMOENS.

## THE JASMINE.

*(Amiability.)*



ANY significations are attached to this exquisitely scented flower, but the most reliable works adopt it as the representative of *amiability*.

### THE JASMINE.

'Twas midnight,—through the lattice wreathed  
With woodbine, many a perfume breathed  
From plants that wake when others sleep;  
From timid Jasmine-buds that keep  
Their odor to themselves all day;  
But when the sunlight dies away,  
Let the delicious secret out  
To every breeze that roams about.

MOORE.

### JASMINE.

The image of Love that nightly flies  
To visit the bashful maid,  
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs  
Its soul like her in the shade.  
The dream of a future happier hour  
That alights on misery's brow,  
Springs out of the silvery almond-flower  
That blooms on a leafless bough.

MOORE.

### THE JASMINE.

The jasmine throwing wide her elegant sweets,  
The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf  
Makes more conspicuous and illuminates more  
The bright profusion of her scattered stars.

COWPER.

NIGHT-SCENTING JASMINE.

Many a perfume breathed  
From plants that wake when others sleep;  
From timid jasmine-buds that keep  
Their odor to themselves all day,  
But when the sunlight dies away  
Let the delicious secret out  
To every breeze that roams about.

MOORE

PERFUME OF JASMINE.

The jasmine, with which the queen of flowers,  
To charm her god, adorns his favorite bowers;  
Which brides, by the plain hand of neatness drest,—  
Unenvied rival!—wear upon the breast;  
Sweet as the incense of the morn, and chaste  
As the pure zone which circles Dian's waist.

CHURCHILL

THE SUNFLOWER.

(*Fidelity.—Constancy.*)



THE classic legend of Clytie has been attached to the sunflower. That nymph had been beloved by Helios, but it was not long before he transferred his affections to Leucothea, daughter of King Orchamus. When Clytie found herself unable to regain her lover, she informed the Persian monarch of his daughter's love affair, and he had the unfortunate girl entombed alive. Helios, enraged at the terrible tragedy, entirely forsook the nymph whose jealousy had caused

it; and she, overwhelmed with grief, lay prone upon the earth for nine days and nights without any sustenance, her eyes continually following the course of her adored sun through the heavens. At last the gods, less pitiless than her former admirer, transformed her into a sunflower, and, as Ovid says,—

Still the loved object the fond leaves pursue,  
Still move their root, the moving sun to view.

Robert Browning thus alludes to the story of Rudel, the ancient French poet who adopted this splendid blossom as his emblem:—

I know a mount, the gracious sun perceives  
First when he visits, last too, when he leaves  
The world; and, vainly favored, it repays  
The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze  
By no change of its large calm front of snow.  
And underneath the mount a flower, I know,  
He can not have perceived, that changes ever  
At his approach; and, in the lost endeavor  
To live his life, has parted, one by one,  
With all a flower's true graces, for the grace  
Of being but a foolish mimic sun,  
With ray-like florets round a disk-like face.  
Men nobly call by many a name the mount,  
As over many a land of theirs its large  
Calm front of snow, like a triumphal targe,  
Is reared; and still with old names fresh ones vie,  
Each to its proper praise and own account,  
Men call the flower the sunflower, sportively.

### THE SUNFLOWER.

The lofty follower of the sun,  
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,  
Drooping all night, and, when he warm returns,  
Points her enamored bosom to his ray.

THOMSON.



## THE MYRTLE.

(Love.)

HE Myrtle, like the Rose, is generally considered symbolic of *love*, and by the Greeks and Romans was consecrated to Venus, round whose temples they planted groves of it; and, when the votaries of this goddess sacrificed to her, they, like her attendant Graces, wore myrtle chaplets.

The Myrtle is supposed to derive its name from Myrsine, an Athenian maiden, and favorite of Minerva, said to have been metamorphosed into the myrtle. At any rate, it owes its origin to a Greek word signifying *perfume*.

Among the ancient writers who speak of its symbolism is Pliny: he records that the Romans and Sabines, when they were reconciled, laid down their weapons under a myrtle-tree, and purified themselves with its boughs. When Harmodius and Aristogiton set forth to free their country from a tyrant, their swords were wreathed with myrtle.

### THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,  
When bright beaming summers exalt the perfume:  
Far dearer to me yon lone glen or green bracken,  
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me all yon humble brown bowers,  
Where the bluebell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;  
For there lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,  
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

BURNS.

# THE MARIGOLD.

*(Grief.)*

“She droops and mourns,  
Bedewed as 'twere with tears.”

GEORGE WITHERS.

**B**Y old English poets these plants are called “golds;” and in the Middle Ages the name of the Virgin Mary being a very frequent addition to anything useful or beautiful, in the course of time this flower became known as the *Marigold*.

Although by itself, however, the Marigold expresses grief, by a judicious mixture with other flowers its meaning may be greatly varied. For instance, combined with roses it is symbolic of “the bitter sweets and pleasant pains of love;” whilst amongst Eastern nations a bouquet of marigolds and poppies signifies “I will allay your pain.” Associated with cypress, the emblem of death, marigolds betoken despair.

The marigold is usually open from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon; this foreshows a continuance of dry weather: should the blossom remain closed, rain may be expected. It shuts at sunset:—

The Marybudde, that shutteth with the light.

Browne, in his “*Britannia's Pastorals*,” says:—

But, maiden, see the day is waxen olde,  
And 'gins to shut in with the marygolde.

Whilst Shakspeare says in “*Cymbeline*,” that when “Phoebus 'gins arise,” the “winking marybuds begin to ope their golden eyes.”

Keats pays more heed to the natural attractions of this flower, and sings:—

Open afresh your round of starry folds,  
Ye ardent marigolds!

Dry up the moisture of your golden lids,  
For great Apollo bids  
That in these days your praises shall be sung  
On many harps, which he has lately strung;  
And then again your dewiness he kisses,—  
Tell him I have you in my world of blisses:  
So haply when I rove in some far vale,  
His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Chaucer calls the Marigold a "Golde," and makes  
a garland of them typical of jealousy, yellow being  
the emblematical color of that passion.

### THE HONEYSUCKLE.

(*Devoted Affection.*)

HIS exquisite flower has something so home-like about it that we marvel it has not met with more poetical appreciation. All the glories of East and West can not rival its blossoms, in our estimation. It grows (for the benefit of the wayfarer) in the hedgerow; it clasps the porch and thatch of the poor man's cottage; it wafts soothing perfume to the lover.

### THE HONEYSUCKLE.

And well the lonely infant knew  
Recesses where the wallflower grew,  
And honeysuckle loved to crawl  
Up the low crag and ruined wall.  
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade  
The sun in all his round surveyed,  
And still I thought that shattered tower  
The mightiest work of human power.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Dew-sweet eglantine,  
And honeysuckles full of clear bee-wine.

KEATS.

## THE AMARANTH.

*(Immortality.)*



"Immortal amaranth."—MILTON.

OST poetical of all flowers in meaning is the *Amaranth*. It has been selected as the symbol of *immortality*, and has ever been associated with Death as the portal through which the soul must pass to Eternity. Milton gives crowns of amaranth to the angelic multitude assembled before the Deity:—

To the ground

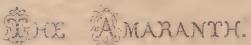
With solemn adoration down they cast  
Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold.  
Immortal amaranth,—a flower which once  
In paradise, fast by the tree of life,  
Began to bloom: but soon for man's offense  
To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows  
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,  
And where the river of bliss, through midst of heaven  
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream:  
With these that never fade the spirits elect  
Bind their resplendent locks enwreathed with beams;  
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
Impurpled with celestial rosy smile.

These flowers, if gathered and dried, will long preserve their beauty.

One of the most popular species of the amaranth is the "Love-lies-bleeding." The origin of this singular appellation is not known, but it has been suggested that the following verses of Campbell account for it. The daughter of O'Connor is lamenting over the tomb of Connoccht Moran:—

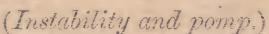
A hero's bride? This desert bower,  
It ill befits thy gentle breeding:  
And wherefore dost thou love this flower  
To call "My-love-lies-bleeding"?

This purple flower my tears have nursed;  
A hero's blood supplied its bloom:  
I love it, for it was the first  
That grew on Connoccht Moran's tomb.



Whose sad inhabitants each year would come  
 With willing steps, climbing that rugged hight,  
 And hang long locks of hair, and garlands bound  
 With amaranth flowers, which, in the clime's despite,  
 Filled the frore air with unaccustomed light.  
 Such flowers as in the wintry memory bloom  
 Of one friend left, adorned that frozen tomb.

SHELLEY

(*Instability and pomp.*)

HE *Dahlia* is a native of Mexico, where Baron Humboldt found it growing in sandy meadows several hundred feet above the level of the sea. It ornamented the royal gardens of the Escurial, at Madrid, for several years before Spanish jealousy would permit it to be introduced into the other countries of Europe.

It derives its name from a countryman of the celebrated Linnaeus, Professor Andrew Dahl, a Swedish botanist. He presented it in 1804 to Lady Holland, who was its first successful English cultivator.

Its coarse foliage, gaudy flowers, and want of perfume, seem to have prevented its becoming a favorite with our poets. Mrs. Sigourney just alludes to it as a florist's flower, in her "Farewell":—

I have no stately dahlias, nor greenhouse flowers to weep,  
 But I passed the rich man's garden, and the mourning there was  
     deep,  
 For the crownless queens all drooping hung amid the wasted sod,  
 Like Boadicea, bent with shame beneath the Roman rod.

## THE LILAC.

(The Joy of Youth.)



NE of our sweetest spring flowers. It will  
not live long when separated from its  
parent tree.

## THE LILAC.

Lilac of Persia! Tell us some fine tale  
Of Eastern lands; we're fond of travelers.  
Have you no legends of some sultan proud,  
Or old fire-worshiper? What, not one note  
Made on your voyage? Well, 'tis wondrous strange  
That you should let so rare a chance pass by,  
While those who never journeyed half so far  
Fill sundry volumes, and expect the world  
To reverently peruse and magnify  
What it well knew before!

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

## THE LILAC.

Oh, were my love yon lilac fair  
Wi' purple blossoms in the spring,  
And I a bird to shelter there  
When wearied on my little wing,

How wad I mourn when it was torn  
By autumn wild and winter rude!  
But I wad sing on wanton wind,  
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

BURNS.

The lilac, various in array,— now white,  
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set  
With purple spikes pyramidal; as if,  
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved  
Which hues she most approves, she chose them all



## THE LILY.

*(Majesty and Purity.)*

THE Lily was sacred to Juno, and is now consecrated to the Virgin Mary. It has inspired very beautiful poetry.

---

## THE WATER-LILY.

Oh, melon-scented lily!

Oh, water-queen of flowers!

When shall I see the silver waves  
Dancing around thee, like sweet slaves  
To Beauty in its bowers;  
When shall I take an earthly part  
In honoring thy golden heart?

Oh, pretty rose autumnal!

Oh, fairy queen of trees!

When may I have thy gentle buds  
Adornèd with their emerald studs,  
In their green palaces;  
When see thy vernal velvet fall  
Under thy ruby coronal?

The sound of forest music

The water-song of streams,

Are become dim and strange to me  
As musings of old witchery;

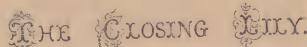
But in my fitful dreams,  
And in my waking weary hours,  
Spirits come to me, as from flowers.

J. H. REYNOLDS.

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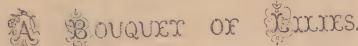
The virgin lilies in their white,  
Clad but with the lawn of almost naked white.

COWLEY.


 THE CLOSING LILY.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake;  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom, and be lost in me.

TENNYSON.


 A BOUQUET OF LILIES.

The water-lilies, that glide so pale,  
As if with constant care  
Of the treasures which they bear;  
For those ivory vases hold  
Each a sunny gift of gold.

L. E. L.


 THE CYPRESS.

(Mourning.)

 "The cypress is the emblem of mourning." SHAKSPERE.  
ACCORDING to Ovid, this tree was named after Cyparissus, an especial favorite of Apollo. He had accidentally slain his pet stag, and was so sorrow-stricken that he besought the gods to doom his life to everlasting gloom; and they, in compliance with his request, transformed him into a cypress-tree.

When, lost in tears, the blood his veins forsakes,  
His every limb a grassy hue partakes;  
His flowing tresses, stiff and bushy grown,  
Point to the stars, and taper to a cone.  
Apollo thus: "Ah! youth, beloved in vain,  
Long shall thy boughs the gloom I feel retain;  
Henceforth, when mourners grieve, their grief to share,  
Emblem of woe, the cypress shall be there."

## THE PASSION FLOWER.

(*Faith.* When the flower is reversed it means  
Superstition.)



HIS exquisite flower is the symbol of *Faith*.  
It is supposed to represent the instruments  
of the Crucifixion: hence its name.

### THE PASSION-FLOWER.

All-beauteous flower! whose center glows  
With studs of gold; thence streaming flows  
Raylike effulgence; next is seen  
A rich expanse of varying hue,  
Enfringed with an empurpled blue,  
And streaked with young Pomona's green.

High o'er the pointal, decked with gold,  
(Emblem mysterious to behold!)  
A radiant cross its form expands;  
Its opening arms appear to embrace  
The whole collective human race,  
Refuse of all men, in all hands.

### THE PASSION-FLOWER.

Its tender shoots, fostered with care, extend  
Far in festooned luxuriance,  
Its drooping flowers, to blend—  
Sweet mixture!—modesty and loveliness;  
But more,—when closely viewed, this flower appears  
To bear the sacred mark of sacred tears,  
Adding to the plant's beauty — holiness.

How like this flower can woman be,—so fair!  
 So beautiful! Too delicate her mind  
 Would seem, the world's rude withering frost to bear  
 Without some guardian's help, round whom to bind  
 Its tendrils in pure trusting confidence.  
 When rightly trained her blossoms bloom, they shine  
 In more than beauty's luster; they combine  
 With earthly charms celestial innocence,  
 Breathing of sacred things: yet, like that flower, alone  
 To those who view her near, her holiness is known.

ARON.



## THE SWEET-WILLIAM.

(Gallantry.—*Finesse.*)



SWEET-WILLIAM, a member of the Pink family, from the charming manner in which it arranges its variegated blossoms into bouquet-shaped clusters, is well worthy of its second name of *finesse*.

The bearded Pink, as it is sometimes designated, is known to the French as the "poet's eye," because of the manner in which its petals are marked.

---

## THE SWEET-WILLIAM.

Sweet-Wilham small, has form and aspect bright;  
 Like that sweet flower that yields great Jove delight.  
 Had he majestic bulk he'd now be styled  
 Jove's flower; and, if my skill is not beguiled,  
 He was Jove's flower when Jove was but a child.  
 Take him with many flowers in one conferred,  
 He's worthy Jove, ev'n now he has a beard.

COWLEY.



## THE HOLLY.

(*Foresight.*)

"I, in this wisdom of the holly-tree, can emblems see."  
SOTHEBY.



HIS tree is sacred to Christmas and domestic mirth. It is much used to adorn churches and houses at Christmas-time, and hence is associated with scenes of good-will and rejoicing. It is an evergreen tree, and has a fine grained, heavy, white wood. Its bark is used as a febrifuge, and the berries are violently purgative and emetic. The holly is found along the coast of the United States from Maine southward.

---

## THE HOLLY.

The holly! the holly! oh, twine it with the bay,—  
Come, give the holly a song;  
For it helps to drive stern Winter away,  
With his garments so somber and long.  
It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,  
And its leaves of burnished green,  
When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,  
And not even the daisy is seen.  
Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,  
That hangs over peasant and king;  
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering boughs,  
To the Christmas holly we'll sing.

The gale may whistle, and frost may come  
To fetter the gurgling rill;  
The woods may be bare and the warblers dumb,—  
But the holly is beautiful still.  
In the revel and light of princely halls  
The bright holly-branch is found;  
And its shadow falls on the lowliest,—falls  
While the brimming horn goes round.

The ivy lives long, but its home must be  
 Where graves and ruins are spread;  
 There's beauty about the cypress-tree,  
 But it flourishes near the dead;  
 The laurel the warrior's brow may wreath,  
 But it tells of fears and blood.  
 I sing the holly,—and who can breathe  
 Aught of that that is not good?

ELIZA COOK.



## THE HAREBELL.

(Submission and Grief.)



HIS lovely blossom merits its first meaning, but scarcely its last. Those who have listened to the faint, sweet rustle of its bells when the breeze passes over them, might rather think it a mirthful than a sad flower. And yet such has been generally the fancy it has given birth to in the poets.

---

## THE HAREBELL.

"For me,"—she stooped, and, looking round,  
 Plucked a blue harebell from the ground,—  
 "For me, whose memory scarce conveys  
 An image of more splendid days,  
 This little flower, that loves the lea,  
 May well my simple emblem be;  
 It drinks heaven's dew blithe as the rose  
 That in the king's own garden grows;  
 And when I place it in my hair,  
 Allan, a bard, is bound to swear  
 He ne'er saw coronet so fair."

SCOTT.

## CLOVER; OR, SHAMROCK.

(*I promise.*)

HE white *Clover*, or Shamrock, is the national emblem of Ireland, and claims an equal place in history with England's Rose or Scotland's Thistle. This symbol of their country is worn by Irishmen on the anniversary and in commemoration of St. Patrick's landing near Wicklow, in the beginning of the fourth century of the Christian era. The patron saint is reported to have explained to his disciples the mysteries of the Trinity by means of a clover-leaf, or *trefoil*.

Bees delight in the sweet-scented blossoms of what Tennyson aptly calls the

Rare 'broidery of the purple clover.

Walter Thornbury has given us the following pretty lyric, "In Clover":—

There is clover, honey-sweet,  
Thick and tangled at our feet;  
Crimson-spotted lies the field,  
As in fight the warrior's shield:  
Yonder poppies, full of scorn,  
Proudly wave above the corn;  
There is music at our feet  
In the clover, honey-sweet.  
You may track the winds that blow  
Through the cornfields as they go;  
From the wheat, as from a sea,  
Springs the lark in ecstasy.  
Now the bloom is on the blade,  
In the sun and in the shade,  
There is music at our feet  
In the clover, honey-sweet.

The Druids held the clover in great repute, deeming it, it is supposed, a charm against evil spirits. Hope was depicted by the ancients as a little child standing on tiptoe, and holding one of these flowers in his hand.

## THE ASPEN.

(Lamentation.)



AS PEN is the name by which the Trembling Poplar is generally known. It is remarkable for the ceaseless tremulous motion of its leaves,—a natural phenomenon, to account for which many very diverse explanations have been proffered. Miss Darby, in her "Lays of Love and Heroism," has thus versified a German legend upon the subject:—

The Lord of Life walked in the forest one morn,  
When the song-wearied nightingale slept on the thorn;  
Not a breath the deep hush of the dawning hour broke,  
Yet every tree, even the firm knotted oak,  
The tall warrior pine, and the cedar so regal,  
The home of the stork and the haunt of the eagle,  
All the patriarchal kings of the forest adored,  
And bowed their proud heads at the sight of the Lord.

One tree, and one only, continued erect,  
Too vain to show even the Savior respect!  
The light giddy aspen its leafy front raised,  
And on the Redeemer unbendingly gazed.  
Then a cloud, more of sorrow than wrath, dimmed the brow  
Of Him to whom everything living should bow;  
While to the offender, with shame now opprest,  
He breathed in these words the eternal behest:

"Alas for thy fate! Thou must suffer, poor tree,  
For standing when others were bending the knee.  
Thou'rt doomed for thy fault an atonement to pay:  
Henceforth be a rush for the wild winds to sway.  
Sigh, sport of their fury, and slave of their will!  
Bow, e'en in a calm, when all others are still!  
And shivering, quivering, droop evermore,  
Because thou wouldst not with thy brothers adore."

The weak aspen trembled, turned pale with dismay,  
And is pallid with terror and grief to this day.  
Each tremulous leaf of the penitent tree  
Obeys to this moment the heavenly decree.  
'Tis the sport of the wild winds, the slave of their will;  
E'en without a breeze bends, when all others stand still;  
And full of emotion, its fault doth deplore,  
Sigh, shiver, and quiver, and droop evermore.

## THE MISTLETOE.

(*I surmount difficulties.*)

HE Mistletoe scarcely requires more than a passing allusion. Every one is acquainted with that remarkable custom which permits any lad to exact from any lass the toll of one kiss, when they accidentally met under it.

In Holstein the country people call the mistletoe “the specter’s wand,” from the supposition that holding a branch of it will not only enable a man to see ghosts, but force them to speak to him.

---

## THE MISTLETOE.

On Christmas-eve the bells were rung,  
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung;  
That only night in all the year  
Saw the stoled priest the chalice near.  
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;  
The hall was dressed with holly green:  
Forth to the woods did merry men go,  
To gather in the mistletoe;  
Then opened wide the baron’s hall  
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all.

---

## SWEET PEAS.

(*Delicate Pleasures.*)

T is singular that few of our poets have celebrated these exquisite flowers. We know only these pretty lines of Keats, which exactly portray them:—

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight:  
With wings of gentle flush o’er delicate white,  
And taper fingers catching at all things,  
To bind them all about with tiny rings.



## THE FOXGLOVE.

(Insincerity.)

THE Foxglove typifies *insincerity*, because of the insidious poison which lurks within its bright blossom. In France and Germany, and in some parts of England, it is known as "Finger-flower," because of the resemblance it bears to the finger of a glove, a resemblance which the poets have not failed to take advantage of. William Brown describes Pan as seeking gloves for his mistress:—

To keep her slender fingers from the sunne,  
Pan through the pastures oftentimes hath runne  
To pluck the speckled foxgloves from their stem,  
And on those fingers neatly placed them.

---

## THE FOXGLOVE.

The foxglove-leaves, with caution given,  
Another proof of favoring Heaven  
Will happily display:  
The rabid pulse it can abate,  
The hectic flush can moderate,  
And, blest by Him whose will is fate,  
May give a lengthened day.

---

## THE FOXGLOVE.

Upon the sunny bank  
The foxglove rears its pyramid of bells,  
Gloriously freckled, purpled and white, the flower  
That cheers Devonia's fields.



## THE HOLLYHOCK.

(*Ambition.*)

 FEW years ago the *Hollyhock* was often designated the "garden mallow," and, indeed, it does belong to the mallow family. From the fact that this flower is known in France as *Rose d'outre Mer*, or the "rose from beyond the sea," it has been surmised that it was originally introduced into Europe from Syria by the Crusaders.

"Queen Hollyhock, with butterflies for crowns."

---

## THE FUCHSIA.

(*Taste.*)

 THE *Fuchsia*, a native of Chili, was named in honor of Leonard Fuchs, a noted German botanist. The plant is one of the most elegant of deciduous greenhouse shrubs. The young wood and leaves are tinged with purplish red; the blossom is pendent. There are many beautiful varieties. As this shrub is quite a modern addition to our gardens, there is but little poetry as yet belonging to it.



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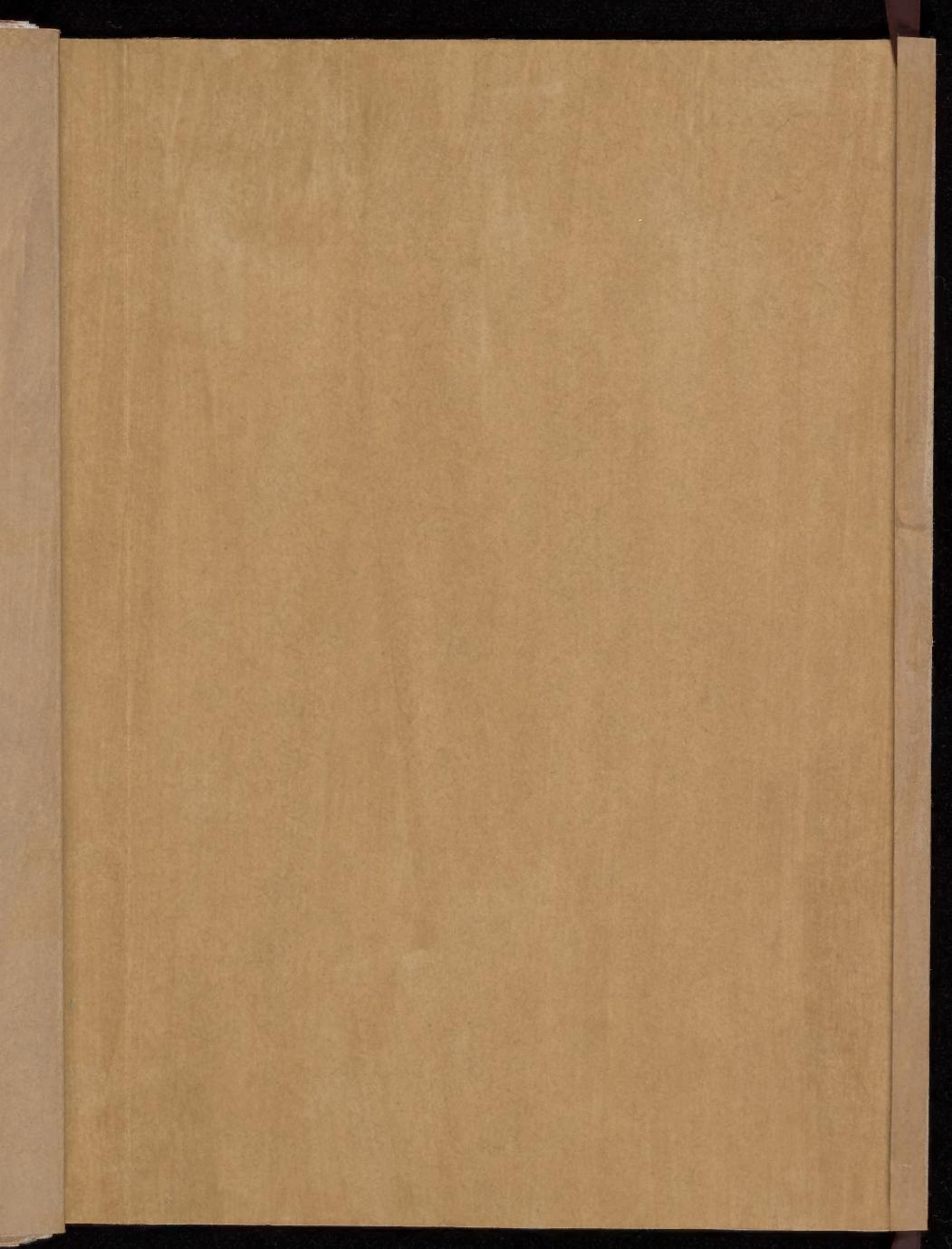
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